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Chiefly of the

WEST AND SOUTH

OF

SCOTLAND

BY

JOHN GORDON BARBOUR

Author of "Tributes to Scottish Genius," etc.

. . . . . Such the bent
Of legends ling'ring long in Scotia's vales.
GRAEME.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO.
GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON.
1886.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING of the many olden Tales and Traditions which Sir Walter Scott hath interwoven or episoded with the mass of his Scottish novels; and notwithstanding all that the Ettrick Shepherd hath done; and notwithstanding all that Allan Cunningham hath done—there still remains some traditions, and legends, among the Lowland or half Highland Scots, which deserve to be reduced to writing. With regard to the North Highlands, I say nothing; there be lingering there at the present period a thousand and one romantic tales and traditions, which have been handed down for five hundred years, and which will likely be dear to the grandson descendants of the present generation. But among the mountains of Athole, among the lakes of Breadalbane, by the banks of the Teith, the Clyde, the Nith, the Cree, the Dee, the Clouden, and the Ken, yet linger some legends and traditions most meriting of being preserved. To collect and to record only a part of these forms the purpose of the present volume.

The Tales of Demonology, Elfinism, and Witchcraft, shall not seem throng in this collection. Indeed, since Sir Walter Scott hath published his letters on these subjects, all the demons, witches, and fairies in Albion

with the persecuted, who made the manly stand under the tyrant and truant Stuarts. We are proud of the genealogy. We regard, and long have regarded Charles II. as a royal ingrate and blackguard; and we have as constantly regarded the body of the Covenanters as making a most manly, magnanimous, and decisive stand for national freedom—religious and civil. We hail at this very hour the noble and unquenched feeling which hath gone abroad among the middle and lower ranks of Scotland regarding the memories of their persecuted forefathers. The sepulchres of the worthies are visited, and their mouldering tombstones are reviewed; and the flowers and evergreens of deep veneration are planted and watered around the grave-sods of the Caledonian martyrs. This is quite as it ought to be; and although in some of the late annuals the Ettrick Shepherd has recalled from oblivion or obscurity several interesting traditions concerning the Covenanters, still one or two, not less interesting, may be added. "The Night before Killiecrankie" embodies more truth in it than several laudators of "Bonnie Dundee" may be willing to allow; and the "Lag-ridge" recites an act of wanton barbarity exercised by Grierson of Lag over the family and chattels of a most respectable yeoman, or freeholder, whose ancestors held their rights from the immediate hand of the renowned royal Bruce—aye, and one of whose dauntless ancestors fell fighting almost by the Bruce's side, while planting the standard of Scotland in the the Bearstone at Bannockburn.

While we must seem thus to inherit a name from

our consanguinity to the eldest poet and historian of Scotland, still, in the estimation of many, we have no name to live in literature. We write no Anacreon songs, no Don Juans, no "Letters on Demonology;" and, moreover, we are accused of certain hankerings after the Covenanters and Reform. What wonder, then, if no Ebony Magazine, no Tory Review, ever usher us into notice, either with a black rod or a white one?

But stand in no amaze, gentle reader, although none of these traditions should ever be laudated, or quoted by even any of the Nithside journals. One of them was so wedded to sketches of geese, turkeys, otters, gennets, and tom-fish, that he could take no notice of Lammer-geyers, Cenis Chamois, Jungfrau peaks, Leman lakes, Staubach waterfalls, and Simplon avalanches. The other was nibbling so unremittingly at the Colossus of Reform, like a mouse *cheeping* at the paw of a lion, that when neutral persons sent him a review of any part of modern Hebrew melodies, he could only quiet his conscience by garbling or curtailing the communication. Read on, courteous Gallovidian! We are neither the Ettrick Shepherd nor Allan Cunningham, but we are the accredited descendant of him who sung "The Bruce" from the shepherd's shealing at the head of Loch Truil, till he reposed in the royal palace of Dunfermline, independent and unrivalled.

Many traditions are omitted, because Sir Walter Scott, John Galt, or the Ettrick Shepherd, have used them so pertinently. The story of "Muir of Auchen-

drain," however, would have been fully recited, if it had not been so lately dramatised by Sir Walter Scott.

With regard to the Tarshish MS., some may boggle and cry, "How could the descendant of Bruce's biographer get at these?" But if Sir Walter Scott never was dunned respecting his purveyors, why should I be pounced upon about mine? The caterers for my Tarshish MS. are quite as soothfast as all or any of the coterie of Ganderscleugh. My collectors and collaters of MS. are quite as much in keeping as the Clutterbucks, Cleishbothams, and Dryasdusts of the great defunct. Tarshish, and the isles of Tarshish, are seven times mentioned in the Book of God. Well, then, may they claim our frater feeling as powerfully and as picturesquely as any Pirate, Porteous, Peveril, or Pretender, that ever rose half-deified from the pages of Waverley.

Respecting the style in which the MS. is written, indeed, some may say, that it borders too much upon the idiom of the Bible. But can there be a more sweeping, or a more severe satire on the gospel-parodyers, politics, and public moralities of England, for the last fifty years, than the very spirit of this boasted Bible? If all the extravagance, impudence, and indifference—royal, aristocratical, and diplomatical—which has rioted among us and abounded for fifty or sixty years bygone, be brought to the plummet of the Bible, deep will prove the defalcation of Albion, as somewhat assimilated in the MS. of Tarshish.

Simony and sinecures, luxury and law, mummery,

corruption, and coroneted peacocks, must ruin any country whatever, no matter whether it be Tarshish or Albion.

Since the first half of this preface was written, the great traditionary novelist of Caledonia hath disappeared from among us. The noble ruins of Dryburgh Abbey now spread their ivy over a far nobler ruin! The enchanter is gone, but the spell will remain like the everlasting amarynth, among the volumes of his gifted manhood. The Shakespeare of the Tweed will be quoted when Abbotsford lies mouldering in the dust.

At the last autumnal equinox, when Scott breathed his last, the writer sketched the following stanzas. May he be permitted to transcribe them here!

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Genius of Scotland! who next shall appear?—
What Wizard Shakespeare fill thy Delphic throne?
Shall Albion's glory halt in mid career,
When Burns, and Byron, Beattie, Scott, are gone?
The Bard of Marmion bore the brunt alone—
'Mid heroes, milkmaids, Pirates, Pev'rils, Kings;
Shades of hoar date rose fresh on Caledon,
And lakes of novel wave burst from a thousand springs.

Genius of Scotland! who shall lift the lyre?—
That lyre first tuned on Avon's Saxon floods—
What Brucian minstrel wilt thou now inspire,
Smit with thy Caledon's peculiar moods?
Do Truil's, or Tweed's, or Tay's, or Katrine's woods
Hide no hoar minstrel, rich in Scotia's song?—
Rest there not one to green for ancient buds;
Or pluck the autumn fruits with feudal flavour strong?

Then rouse him from his shades;—then urge him forth,
Perchance his sires have sung the Brucian toils:
Embalm his soul—re-tune th' Harp of the North;
His blood, perchance, with patriot fervour boils.
If such there be—He spurns the Syb'rite wiles
O'er Scotland's fallen worth, alone he mourns;
He loves her lakes, her mountains, and her isles,
And oft has trode her heaths, o'er patriots', poets' urns.

The spell is gone!—th' Enchanter's wand in twain—
The Talisman falls low on Scotia's lea;
Millions may rise, nor mark his like again—
The Warlock Scott—the Necromancer, he.
Balwearie, Burns, and Walter—matchless three—
You've stamp'd "Illissus" name on Ayr and Tweed:
By Melrose woods fall fairy minstrelsy;
For Abbotsford must live till Scotland's fame shall die!

Parent of Genius! from thine awful fount
Alone, wells worth and weal and minstrelsy,
O! set some gifted seer on Salem's mount,
His soul with march of millions beating high.
Tho' Scott and Europe felt a kindred tie:
Yet, now, when Freedom wins her destined throne,
O! flash Reform from thine Almighty eye!
For millions, millions still, 'neath mad corruption groan!

Banks of the Ken,
25th Sept., 1833.

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UNIQUE TRADITIONS

CHIEFLY OF THE

WEST AND SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

THE FAIRY FLAG.

EVERY country hath had its superstitions; and these superstitions have often been interwoven with that country's naval and military glory. This is amply portrayed by the Fairy Flag of the ancient Scandinavians. The Danes had a magical standard called "Rœfans," or the Raven. It was said to have been embroidered simultaneously by the three daughters of Lodbroke (Loda), and sisters of Hinguar, or Ivar.

But, in the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, hath long been actually preserved one of these enchanted flags. It came there by the Norwegian ancestry of the Dunvegan family; and some very singular superstitions have long been attached to it. One of these superstitions

was, that wherever it was carried into the day of battle, the party which bore it was to be victorious;—but this end being attained, an invisible being was to carry away both standard and standard-bearer, never more to be seen! The family of Clan-y-Faitter possessed this dangerous office of standard-bearer, and actually held their lands in Braccadale by this singular tenure.

This Fairy Flag of the Macleods hath been several times produced. At one time when the family of Dunvegan maintained an unequal combat against the Clanronald, the enchanted colours were produced, and, it seems, the Macleods were multiplied tenfold in the eyes of the Clanronalds! The consequence was a victory on the side of Dunvegan. It was brought forward again on a less warlike occasion. The Lady Macleod was pregnant; she longed very much to view the Braolanchshi, or Fairy Standard. The charmed flag was produced to save the young heir of Dunvegan.

In portraying some antiquities of the Highland Isles, it seemed unpardonable to pass by this Fairy Flag. It certainly remained in the Castle of Dunvegan, when the famous tourist,

Mr. Pennant, was making excursions through the Highlands. Of the vestiges of antiquity to be found in Skye, Dunvegan Castle is itself one of the most remarkable; and surely the most remarkable superstitions of fabulous antiquity are now wearing away. It appears, however, by some entertaining Legends* of the nineteenth century, that an enchanted flag had also waved o'er the battlements of the ancient Gallovidian Castle of Cruggleton. This flag was likewise of Scandinavian origin; and as there remains little doubt but that the Danes or Norwegians had, at one period, possession of the Isle of Man, the tradition of a Fairy Flag of Scandinavia having been seen to wave over Cruggleton battlements, must have arisen from some attempts having been made by Norwegian invaders on that ancient fortalice. Cruggleton Castle hath long been in ruins, but Dunvegan still stands; it still frowns over Loch Fallart with its most ancient square tower, while another part of it displays all the taste of a modernised Highland residence.

* See Legends of Galloway, by James Denniston, Esq., in the tale entitled "The Standard of Denmark."

THE STONE OF SWENO.

THERE are many pillars and obelisks in Scotland, both ancient and modern, but none certainly of greater antiquity or interest than the obelisk near Forres. Except for the name of Sweno, one would almost suppose that it arose to commemorate the meeting of the weird sisterhood with the famous Macbeth, which is said to have taken place in this vicinity. Indeed, except for one circumstance, there seems to be a mist of glamour cast around this monument altogether.

That circumstance may be, that it was erected about 1012, in commemoration of the final departure of the Danes from Scotland. Fordun and Buchanan both relate that about *anno* 1008, the Danes landed in Moray; that they defeated King Malcolm II. near Forres, and that, in consequence of this victory, they brought over their wives and children. After the repulses which they met with, however, by the peasant Hay, at Luncarty, at Barrie in Angus, and at Mortlich in Banffshire, the Danes were finally expelled. The most rational conjecture, then, is this, that the

Pillar of Sweno was erected in memory of the peace concluded betwixt Malcolm II. of Scotland and Canute of Denmark.

Some figures engraven on the stone seem strongly to countenance this supposition. The greatest part of the west side of the pillar is occupied by a magnificent cross, under which stand two august personages in the attitude of reconciliation. As the stone now stands, this may be rather the northern or north-western side.

On the eastern side of this sumptuous obelisk are many sculptured ornaments of riders and warriors on foot, and of bodies of the slain, as if to commemorate the sanguinary conflicts which had once taken place betwixt the Danes and Caledonians, but which were *now* for ever to terminate.

On the whole, this obelisk is by far surpassing, in elegance and grandeur, all the other monuments of the kind in Scotland; and stands perhaps the finest relic of the Gothic or Runic kind, to be met with in Europe. It is certainly a most interesting monument of the state of the arts in Scotland, antecedent to the knowledge of the alphabet.

It is pity if this singular pillar should fall or be dilapidated. It hath certainly had some attention paid to it in this respect. A late Countess of Moray caused it to be set upright, and to be supported by several steps of free-stone. This was a doing worthy of the possessor of Jarnaway Castle, and more deserving the gratitude of genuine Caledonians, than if she had been shining away in the annals of *crim. con.* in London.

This stone of Sweno, twenty feet above ground, and perhaps twelve beneath, is certainly unequalled in Scotland, and perhaps in the sister kingdom. We have heard of the famous Logan-stones in Cornwall; we have heard of Stonehenge; we have seen the famous Bowder-stone in the Gorge of Borrodale, at no great distance from the Keswick Lake; but none of these stones, or collections of stones, stand embellished with engravings and emblems of antiquity, so remarkably expressive as the Stone of Sweno. Even the standing stones of Stennis, in Orkney, though certainly the work also of an early age, cannot bear comparison with the stone near Forres.

There is something remarkably interesting

in these rocking stones, standing stones, Stonehenges, and ancient pillars. Even although no tumuli, urns, or graves should be found near them, still they mark either the worship or the warfare of the ancient times. But wherever either carving, inscriptions, or hieroglyphics are found, and the Stone of Sweno abounds with hieroglyphics, I would presume it as a monument more impressive to posterity, than all the "Melville" memorials of modern politicians.

LARIGH TYNAKI.

FEW places in the Highlands are more romantic, on an ordinary scale, than Loch Tummel and its environs. The relic of its island castle, its woods and its water-falls, are all well known to travellers and tourists; but there may be some vestiges of antiquity near to the lake, and these not generally observed, which stand connected with recollections of our most eminent heroes.

It is delivered down to us by tradition, and

hath been recorded in history, that Robert de Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, sought and found shelter from the Chief of the Robertsons. But who was this chief? He was the second son to Angus, Lord of the Isles, and he was, perhaps, the only man in the Highlands that forwarded the fortunes of Robert.

Duncan Macdonald, for such was his name, resided at times in a castle in Loch Tummel. Bruce, wandering up the defiles of the Tay, diverged one evening up the banks of the Tummel, following the course of the stream to its parent lake. He there, on the approach of night, accidentally met with a young and a stalwart chieftain. "Who are you?" said the chieftain to the discomfited king. "I am a soldier, and vanquished," returned the monarch of Scotland. "Thou seemest of kingly port," said Duncan; and then eagerly demanded, "Art thou the Bruce?" "And if I were," pensively answered Robert, "wouldst thou dare to shelter me?" "Aye, and to fight for thee, too," returned the gallant Highlander. "Then take me to thy home," said the wearied Bruce, "for much do I need thy shelter."

The clansman led the Bruce to his island

castle; he some time afterwards likewise escorted hither his disconsolate queen. He engaged many of the neighbouring clans in the monarch's favour, and he cut off some parties of Baliolites and English, who had ventured up the Tay from the field of Methven.

Whenever Duncan intended some perilous enterprise, he retired to a sequestered glen, among the mountains of Rannoch. He here collected his followers, and matured his plans, and then he burst, like a mountain torrent, on his unsuspecting enemies. The name of his gathering-glen in Rannoch was Glen Fea Chorie, and the adverse clans were wont to nickname Duncan "Corishach Mone Fea," *i.e.*, the Big Chief of Fea Chorie.

This adventurous chief assisted the Bruce in all his future warfare. He saw his royal protegé victorious at Bannockburn, and eventually the saviour of his country's independence; and Robert bestowed upon Duncan many lands and forests in the neighbourhood of Loch Tummel.

Indeed, it was owing to Duncan, that the clan Yan Lea, which was devoted to Baliol,

was dislodged from Ben Rannoch. this was effecting, the Bruce had a cabin, reared in the wood of Kinnach he, and even his queen, resided, faithful Duncan, by force or strata got the neighbouring clans on th Robert. It is the vestige of this r or cabin, that even yet bears the Larich Tynaki, or *vestige of the ki* And that Robert's queen had accom husband in this sylvan retreat, see confirmed by this — that nigh th Tynaki, there is a ford in the Tumm the Queen's Ferry to this day.

While the Scotsman of the Doon, and the Annan pays his visit to th the Tummel, let him not forget, Lord of Lochmaben, and the Earl once lodged in a little hut in a little the shores of Loch Tummel, even was King of Scotland.

THE GAP MILL.

IN the course of our searchings and soundings after the topographical and historical antiquities of our country, we have stumbled upon a tradition regarding the valiant Robert Bruce, which, we are sure, hath never as yet been committed to the press. This tradition stands corroborated by both the probabilities connected with history, and by the according propriety of the spot, in which the subsequent adventure took place.

Soon after the successful attack upon the English at Moss Raplock, the Bruce drew his little force towards the confines of Nithsdale. Perhaps he secretly wished to win his way to his paternal inheritance and castle at Lochmaben, so that, after his success on the Dee, he might be joined by some of his vassals on the Annan.

When holding his cautious march somewhat in direction of the Doon of Tynron, where he had formerly lain concealed, he was told of a party of Southrons who were marching from Dumfries with their faces toward Carrick. They had heard of the partial success of the

Bruce at Loch Truil, and likely they were sent to reinforce Percy, who still held Carrick Castle and Turnberry Castle from the possession of their rightful lord.

The Bruce determined to cut off if possible this reinforcement of English. He divided his little force. He gave part to Sir James Douglas, on whose skill and bravery he could always depend. He directed the Douglas to move eastward, down that glen which is now named Glenesland, to march quietly till he got to the rearward of the English, to hang on their rear till they encamped nigh to the Bowbutts of Ingleston, at least where that moat stands now, and about midnight, on the second night thereafter, to attack their rear with noise and fury. "For myself," said the Bruce, "I will *kep* the GAP, if they attempt to ford the river Cairn." Douglas obeyed his sovereign. He got betwixt the Southrons and Dumfries, and silently hung upon their rear. The Bruce marched and encamped on a kind of muir, a little eastward from the site of the present village of Moniaive. Douglas actually attacked the English with terrible fury at the hour and place appointed.

The Southron troops had just laid down their arms for the repose of the night. The onset of Douglas was irresistible. Confusion arose in the English camp, and part of them attempted to ford the Cairn to the westward, where there was a narrow pass betwixt two precipitous banks. Here the Bruce attacked them with fury. Attacked thus, both before and behind, the English fled away as they could at the flanks, or fell in numbers beneath the swords of their assailants. Their forage, victuals, and utensils were taken, besides a large quantity of arms; and few, if any, got forward to join the Percy at Turnberry.

This other successful stratagem after Raplock, gave the Bruce more and more possession of Scotland. And with regard to the ford at the narrow pass of the Cairn, it hath borne the name of Gap until this day. A mill, long since erected near the ford, still retains the appellation of the Gap Mill, or corruptedly, *Gap's Mill.* Another corroboration of this encounter remains. In the very vicinity some lands have borne the name of *Ingleston,* or "English town," for some hundred years. Indeed, it was on a holm in

Nether-Ingleston, close to the Cairn, that the English are said to have encamped.

THE CARLIN'S CAIRN.

THERE are certainly many cairns in Scotland, whose building and origin cannot be accounted for; and there are some others, even of ancient duration, to which tradition assigns an honourable origin.

Those which are erected in the Highlands, over the graves, or to commemorate the deaths of illustrious chieftains, are surely the most honourable and remarkable. Those which have been collected to commemorate some fortunate event, should surely stand next in veneration to the tomb-cairn over the hero.

There yet remains, in the 19th century, the vestige of a cairn in Galloway, which, next to the Bearstone at Bannockburn, deserves the regard of every Scotsman who venerates ancient prowess. This cairn is perched upon the summit of the Kells Rhynns, and may be discerned at 15 miles distance to the south.

Some say it was thrown together to commemorate the burning of a witch—others, that it was erected on the spot where an old female Covenanter was murdered by Grierson of Lag, and this last tradition stands somewhat countenanced by the well known facts that Grierson was Laird of Garryhorn and other lands in the neighbourhood of this ancient cairn, and that his party pursued and slaughtered some staunch Presbyterians in the environs of Loch Doon. Yet the foundation of the cairn can boast of a much older date than the persecution under Charles the Second, for it was collected by a venerable old woman, who at one period was the protectress and hostess of King Robert the Bruce.

Let the following facts, which have borne the brunt of the varying traditions of five hundred years, be candidly collected and condensed, and it likely will appear that the Carlin's Cairn was collected by the virtuous wife of a once Dusty Miller, and in strict commemoration of King Robert Bruce.

It is known that the Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, and owing to the prevalence of the Comyns, was often compelled to wander

among the woods, the mountains, and the mosses of his native land. It was natural for him, in these circumstances, either to travel into Carrick, or to linger in its rocky and caverned vicinity. In one of his wanderings near to his ancient Earldom, and before he won the Raplock battle, through the stratagem of the widow's sons, he fell faint and weary in his wandering betwixt Loch Doon and the Ken. Earl Percy at that period was in possession of the Castle of Turnberry; and, perhaps, the Balloch Castle on Loch Doon was also held by the usurping English. Where could Robert, the independent, but persecuted, Sovereign lay down his head in safety? Sometimes quite alone, and very frequently with but few followers, did the rightful Lord of Caledon supplicate a morsel from the hand of a peasant. He often sought and obtained it, even when the Sovereign concealed his name and rank.

At a place yet named Polmaddie, and in view of the strong fortalice of Dundeugh, then in possession of the Southrons, dwelt a respectable, but rather Baliol-hearted, miller. His wife, however, was most entirely devoted to

the cause of the Bruce. The King, wet, weary, and hungry, ventured one evening to enter the mill-door. He was certainly not attired like a King, but had his insignia concealed under some coarse habiliments.

SEQUEL TO THE CARLIN'S CAIRN.

ON the second day after the King of Scotland took refuge in the mill, there appeared four men-at-arms from the garrison at Craigencalzie, anxiously inquiring if Bruce, the Earl of Carrick, had been seen in the neighbourhood. The miller was just going to say that a stranger had taken refuge in his house, when the miller's wife, feeling a certain foreboding coming fast over her heart, cut short all inquiry by roundly declaring that none calling themselves Bruce had ever intruded there, and that the Bruce was likely gone to Lochmaben. The men-at-arms, getting no encouragement from such a rejoinder, hastily strode away.

The suspicions of the woman were, however,

strongly roused, and she feared lest her husband might inform the Southrons at Dundeugh Castle that an English party was scouring the country for Robert the Bruce, and that an incognito Scotsman had sought shelter in the mill. She determined to bid the stranger either to depart or to entrust her with his name and designs. Bidding her husband, then, go quickly to his work, she went to the wanderer, and disclosed to him the circumstance of men inquiring for the Bruce.

The stranger, on this intelligence, inquired at his hostess what reward she would give him if he revealed to her where the Bruce at that time actually was. She replied, "She would neither give nor take reward in that matter, as she would conceal the Bruce if he was ever in her custody, or spurn all and every bribe to betray his hiding-place, if she ever knew where it was." "And so you love the Bruce, then," was the wanderer's remark. "I hold him to be our rightful Sovereign," cried the woman; "and I should bear a barbarous heart if I proved false to my king." "Your husband is not of the same way of thinking, perhaps," suggested the Bruce. "My husband rather

deems the struggle of the Bruce to be a fruitless competition," returned the dame; "nevertheless he possesses too generous a nature to betray even the Bruce, were the Earl of Carrick's hiding place made known to him." "The Earl of Carrick has many enemies—many who are thirsting for his blood," said the king, "and both you and your husband ought to shield him, if you could, until his better days may arrive." "Are *you* the Bruce?" adventured the woman, with much hesitation. "I—I—I am the Earl of Carrick," stammered out the king, somewhat taken by surprise; "and if you cannot conceal me here for a few days longer, I beg, at least, that you will not wilfully betray me." "Betray my Sovereign! No—never!" exclaimed the poor Scotswoman, throwing herself on her knees before the Bruce. "Rise, good woman!" said the king. "Let me find shelter about your cottage for a few days until I get intelligence from some of my Carrickmen. If ever I shall subdue the Baliols and expel the Southrons, I shall not forget the Miller's Wife of Polmaddie. Your husband, however, must be won to hold his peace. I can die in the face of my foes, but, oh! I could

ill brook to be betrayed, like Wallace, under the mask of friendship."

The dame provided the King of Scotland with a morsel of *greddan* (meal and water stirred together), and instantly went to caution, or to catechise, her husband. She told him that the stranger was of the royal blood of Bruce — that Bruce himself might soon be there, with a strong force, and that he, the miller, must divulge nothing to any follower of the Baliol or of Plantagenet; but if any Southron came on inquiry for Bruce or his adherents, that the stranger must be hid behind the happer, or among the wheels.

The honest miller said he would never betray a Scotsman, and a relative of the Earl of Carrick's, when that wanderer was seeking protection from the swords of his enemies. The dame made this known to the king, and it was not long ere the Royal Wanderer had the fidelity of his concealers put completely to the test. A party came again from Craigencalzie, asserting that the Bruce had either been at Polmaddie or in its very neighbourhood, and that they were ordered to search the miller's house for him. This was overheard by the

miller, who, profiting by his wife's suggestions, instantly beckoned the Bruce to follow him out at a back door. The Bruce obeyed, and was immediately immured among sacks of corn, etc., behind the happer in the mill. Even a bag of dust was dashed over the Sovereign's head, to deceive the searchers more effectually. The soldiers from the garrison on the Dee having entered and reconnoitered the mill, and even inspected the happer, again went away; not, however, until one of them actually dashed the flat side of his sword on the sack of mill-dust which was lying over the Bruce's head, and so forcibly too, that the dust blinded his, the soldier's, eyes through the pores and holes of the sack.

This was certainly a near escape for the King of Scotland. He surely was reserved, however, for better things, and that better destiny soon began to dawn upon him. A faithful page brought him, by and by, an account that his brother Edward and the Black Douglas had collected some Carrickmen, etc., near the head of Loch Truil, and that they were anxious for the king to join them. Robert finding that the Towers of Kenmore were

possessed by Baliol, and the Castle of Dundeugh by the English, and that none on the banks of Ken were at that time disposed to join him, he bade farewell to his rustic entertainers at Polmaddie, and promised them rewards and honours if ever he could render his country independent.

His success at Raplock, at Cairnholy, and most triumphantly at Bannockburn, rendered him the independent and undisputed Liberator of Scotland. He came to the maternal Castle in Loch Doon. He sent for the dame at Polmaddie, with her husband; he gave him lands in the neighbourhood, and entailed a vote on the Clapper of Polmaddie mill, and a power of a Freehold on the mill's possessor, as long as a mill should be there upheld, and added besides a pecuniary present to his old benefactress.

That benefactress wished to raise some monument to the memory of the valiant and generous Bruce. After some time she collected all her neighbours and kinsfolk; she caused them to carry a quantity of stones to a certain ridge on the Kells Rhynns, in sight of Carrick, and at no great distance from the lead of Loch Doon, and here she caused a con-

spicuous Cairn to be erected. It was raised to the memory of that Bruce whom she had once concealed in his day of adversity, but who had since expelled the Southrons, and delivered his native land; and from the circumstances of the cairn being collected under the auspices of a woman, that cairn immediately bore, and for 500 years hath continued to bear, the name of the Carlin's Cairn.

Burns speaks of cairns, "near neebors to the starns," and in a clear winter night, the stars seem actually to be thickening around the cairn of the Bruce. Every star of worth shines sweetly indeed around his memory; and although there be many cairns, and columns of higher altitude and celebrity, erected to statesmen or heroes in Scotland, yet let it be recollected that neither cairn nor column rises to the memory of the saviour of his country, save one little rustic cairn on the summit of the Kells Rhynns, and that little cairn, not the work of a nation, but the laborious stone-gathering of a peasant and a woman.

THE KIRK-YARD MEADOW.

AT the head of Loch Truil, in Minnigaff, surrounded by wild and precipitous mountains, and sequestered almost like a hermitage, lies a little verdant spot, named by the shepherds, the Kirk-yard Meadow. From time immemorial, this hath been its distinctive appellation; and not far distant are the "King's Cave," and the "Soldier's Holm;" and not the great-grand-sire of any shepherd among the mountains can ever recall any tradition, save one, for all these remarkable appellations. And what unique tradition can thus be recalled? Let us listen to the following extract from Barbour's Life of Bruce, and, perhaps, some ground-work may be laid for the Kirk-yard Meadow:—

In Glentruell, a quhill he lay,
And went weill oft to hunt and play,
For to purchess thaim venesoun,
For than der war in sesoun.
In all that tyme, Schyr Amery,
With nobill men in cumpany,
Lay in Carlele, hys poynt to se.
And quhen he hard the certanté,
That in Glentruell wis the king,

And went till hunt, and still playing,
He thought, with hys chewalry,
To cum apon him sedanly.
And fra Carlele on nychts ryd;
And in cowert on dayes byd
And swa gate, with syk tranenting.
He thoucht he suld surpryss the King
He assemblyt a gret mengye
Off folk off full gret renounè,
Bath off Scotts and Inglismen.
Thair way all famyn held thai then,
And raid on nycht swa priuely,
Till thai come in a wod, ner by
Glentruell, quhar logyt wis the King,
That wyst rycht nocht of thair cummin.
Into gret perille now is he,
For bot God, throw hys gret powsteé,
Save hym, he sall be slayne or tane,
For thai war sex quhar he wis ane.
Quhen Schyr AMERY, as Ik haiff tauld,
With hys men, that war stout and bauld,
War cummyn swa ner the King, that thai
War bot a myle frae hym away;
He tuk awisement with his men,
On quhat maner thai suld do then.
For he said thaim that the King was
Logyt into sa strayt a place,
That horss-men mycht not hym assaile.
And giff fute-men gaiff hym bataille,
He suld be hard to wyn, giff he
Off their commyn may wittyt be.
Tharfor I rede all prively.
" We send a woman, him to spey,

" That powerly arrayit be.
" Sche may ask mete per cheryté ;
" And se thair cowyn halily
" And apon quhat manner thai lie.
" The quhill we, and our menye,
" Cummand owt throw the wod may be
" On fute, all armyt as we are.
" May we do swa, that we come thar
" On thaim, or thai wyt our cumming,
" We sall find in thaim na sturting."
This cunsaill thocht them wis to best.
Then send thai furth, bot langer frest,
The woman, that suld be thair spy.
And sche her way gan hald in hy
Rycht to the loge quhar the King,
That had no dred off surpryssing,
Yeid unarmyt, merry, and blyth.
The woman has he sene alswyth
He saw hyr uncouth ; and forthy,
He beheld her mar entrely.
And be her cuntenance hym thocht
That for gud cummyn was sche nocht.
Then gert he men in by her ta,
And sche, that dred men suld her sla,
Tauld how that Schyr Amery,
With the Clyffurd in cumpany,
With the flour off Northummrland,
Waar cummand on thaim at thair hand.
Quhen that the King herd that tithing,
He armyt hym, bot mar duelling.
Sa did they all that euir was thair ;
Syne in a sop assemblyt ar.
I trow thai war three hunder ner,

And quhen thai all assemblyt wer,
The King hys baner gert display
And set hys men in gud aray :
Bot thai had styndyn bot a thraw
Rycht at thair hand quhen that they saw
Thair say is, throw the wod cummand,
Armyt on fute, with sper in hand ;
That sped thaim full enforcely.
The noyis begouth sone, and the cry
For the gud King, that formast was,
Suttely towart hayis fayis gays.

* * * *

Hynt fra hys baneour hys baner,
And said, " Apon thaim ! for thai ar
Discomfyt all !" With that word
He swappyt swyftly owt his sword,
And on thaim ran sa hardely,
That all thai off hys cumpany
Tuk hardyment off hys gud deid.
For sum, that fryst thair wayis yeid.

* * * *

That all the formast ruschyt war,
And thai that war hendermar
Saw that the formast left the sted,
Thai turnyt sone thair back, and fled,
And owt off the wod thaim withdrew.
The King a few men of thaim slew.

* * * *

That thai affrayit war suddenly ;
And he thaim foucht sa angrely,
That thai in full gret hy agayne
Owt off the wod rane to the playne :
For thaim faillyt off thair entent.

Thai war that tyme sa foully schent,
That fyften hunder men, and mae,
With a few mengye war rebotyt sae,
That thai withdrew thaim schamfully.

The Lake of Truil almost kisses one side of the Kirk-yard Meadow, and the traditions of the shepherds supply a remarkable circumstance not particularly recorded in the extract. It is this:—The Southron horsemen being compelled to dismount, left their horses with some men to watch them, while they themselves straggled through the dense woods, in order that they might attack the Bruce. These gillies, or watchers, tiring of idleness, bethought them of mounting part of the horses, and of fording or swimming the lake, that they also might be present at the onset. They failed in fording, but succeeded in swimming part of the horses to an opening in the wood, where they began to paw the dry ground. This partial landing happened exactly when Bruce had driven back the foot assailants to the plain mentioned by Barbour. The King instantly ordered some of his men to attack those cavalry thus on the verge of landing. This was so vigorously done, that the few

newly got upon land were forced back into the lake, and some arrows discharged among those who were, as yet, in the water. The whole adventurers were soon thrown into disorder, and part of them drowned; and so but a few of Vallance's troops had the fortune to return to Carlisle, to recount the issue of this Glentruil expedition.

The Southrons that were slain found their grave in the plain or carse near the lake, and from that day till this, the solitary spot hath been dignified with the distinction of the Kirk-yard Meadow.

With what reverence do some Carrick or Gallovidian shepherds still approach to this hallowed spot! The woods, in 1832, are thin indeed, or entirely vanished, since the days of the Bruce (for then, indeed, the forest rose in strength from the lake to the mountain tops); still, however, the magnificence of rocks, ravine, and waterfall, remains. On the eastern edge of his native earldom of Carrick, and on the western verge of Baliol's patrimonial province of Galloway, there is no wonder if the head of the Truil was doubly dear to the patriotic Bruce. The magnificent mountains

and forests became his haunts for months. Here he was screened, amid shades almost impenetrable, from the attacks or pursuit of Longshanks and his captains: and here, after many discouragements and defeats, he certainly rocked the mountain cradle of his country's coming independence.

THE HILL OF QUEENSBERRY.

ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.

THERE are some hills or mountains in Scotland, the derivation of whose names are very significant and expressive of some memorable event; and there are others whose names have been awarded to them merely in whim.

Of the first kind, let us mention Bheinn le Dhia, or Benledi, which signifies the "Hill of God;" and truly there have been traced upon its summit, the remains of Druidical temples; and of the second sort, we may particularise Queensberry, whose strange appellation was

bequeathed to it partly in whim, but by a whim somewhat remarkable.

It is well known in the Scottish history, that James the Fifth was married to a daughter of the king of France. It is also recorded in our Chronicles, that the king served up a strange dessert to his guests after his wedding dinner. A parcel of little covered dishes were set upon the table, and when these dishes were uncovered, they displayed, instead of fruits, etc., a portion of silver coins. Douglas of Drumlanrig, who happened to be present, was one of those who felt disappointed at this deceitful dessert. Even the French ambassador was dissatisfied; and to him the king said, "I always wish to present the fruits of the country, and these pieces were procured from my mines in Crawford Muir." "I think," Drumlanrig ventured to say, "that my mountain berries would have made a better dessert." "*Your* mountain berries!" said the king, "and what kind of berries are bred in your cold country?" "Just such a country as your Majesty's garden at Leadhills," half-sneered Drumlanrig, "for there is scarce seven miles betwixt them, breeds my berries,—the whole mountain is a garden

for berries." "That must be a large garden, indeed, Drumlanrig," said the king, smilingly, "I wish I saw that garden." "Come and see it, my liege!" cried Douglas. "I certainly will, Drumlanrig," cried the king, "and have a dessert of your mountain berries."

Some time after, the king, who had already made a journey into Nithsdale, kept his promise with Drumlanrig. Douglas conveyed the king to a large hill, at no great distance from Morton Castle. It was towards midsummer; and on the skirts and the sides of the mountain there appeared large clusters of small berries, of a dark and bluish colour. Drumlanrig began to pull and to eat, and his Majesty stooped and pulled also. Douglas munched the berries greedily, and the king began to follow his example. "How does my liege like Drumlanrig's berries?" hesitatingly enquired Douglas. "Faith! Drumlanrig, by no means amiss. They are a little sourish, indeed, but they do well in a warm day, when no springs are near." "And," says Drumlanrig, "they would prove a fair dessert after a hearty morsel of venison."

"What is the name of this hill?" enquired the king. "It has no particular name as yet,"

returned Drumlanrig. "Send us a dish of your mountain berries to Holyrood," says the king, "I will present them to Queen Margaret, and I desire you, for the future, always to give this hill the name of *Queensberry.*" "It shall be so, my Sovereign," returned the Laird of Drumlanrig.

In case that some should surmise that the Douglases of Drumlanrig were not *notour* in the days of James V., we beg leave to say that in the times of the famous St. Clairs of Roslin, Earls of Orkney and Dukes of Oldenburg, the chief of Drumlanrig was a very "kenspeckle" personage. Among the august retinue which usually attended at Roslin Castle, in the fifteenth century, we find it recorded that Douglas, Laird of Drumlanrig, was one. This might at least be years previous to the marriage of James V. with his first queen, Margaret, daughter to the king of France.

The Drumlanrig family were raised to the peerage in 1632, and still farther ennobled under William, the first Marquis, in 1639. On being created a Marquis, he chose to be created Marquis of Queensberry, instead of Drumlanrig, which last had been hitherto the designation of

the Earldom. Soon after, William was created Duke of Queensberry; and the said title is continued or amalgamated with Buccleuch up till the present period.

Such then, by a recondite tradition, has been found to be the origin of the name of Queensberry, as applied to that triangular hill, which has for centuries been so well seen from the heights and the cairns which rise on the banks of the Cairn and the Nith. In fact, in the days of James V., it was remarkable for the clusters of crow-berries, and of blae-berries, which grew on its base and its sides, and almost to its summit. Since the close pasturage of sheep stocks, in lieu of deer (this hill has long been famous for the feeding of sheep), perhaps the roots and ramifications of these mountain berries are much thinned or decayed; but still these little wild shrubs prevail; and although it is not likely that a Scottish queen will ever use them as a dessert again, there is no saying but they may grace the sideboard of a Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

THE TOWER OF CLATTO.

AMONG many memorable towers in Scotland, which we have had occasion to mention, few stand more remarkable than the ancient tower of Clatto, yet to be observed in Fife. And there remains some tradition annexed to it, which, even in the nineteenth century, may claim some reminiscences.

In that ridge which overlooks the vale of Eden, is a cave or den, yet named Clatto Den. The remains of Clatto Tower or Castle lie at no great distance. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the lands of Clatto were possessed by a family of the name of Seaton. Whether the Seatons which the author of Waverley chooses to drag into the romance of "The Abbot" were kith or kin to the Seatons of Clatto, I cannot tell. But the remarkable tradition annexed to the ruin of the family of Clatto, runs as follows:—

Clatto Den is a glen with very steep banks. In the face of one of these banks, there yawned a cave; that cave communicated with the old Tower of Clatto. The cave bad another opening towards the road. And here, at this

aperture next to the public road, many travellers had been suddenly seized, or dragged into the cavern. The heedless passengers, thus kidnapped, always disappeared for ever.

The castle and cave thus became famous for robberies and murder. And as none were ever seen again, who chanced to travel nigh to Clatto cavern, of course the Seatons, who were owners of both the castle and cavern, were reputed as the perpetrators. King James the Fourth was told of this family, and of their alleged robberies. He wished to be an eye-witness if such things were true. He suffered none of his attendants to go in his train; but, as if accidentally, went on horseback nigh the mouth of this cavern. A son of Seaton's appeared, and stopped the king's horse. "You must dismount and go with me," said the young Seaton to his unknown sovereign. "And who are you?" cried the king. At this moment the monarch drew a weapon from beneath his garment, and cut off the right hand of Seaton, who had grasped the king's bridle. The robber instantly fled into his cavern; and James, lifting the hand, rode off to his attendants.

The next day, but escorted by a strong retinue, the monarch of Scotland visited the castle of Clatto. He pretended that he had owed the Seatons a call, because they were represented to him, father and sons, as enterprising men, and very fit for holding public employments. The old Seaton presented his family to the king. "Are your sons all here?" demanded the inquisitive king of Scotland. "All but one, sire," said the old Clatto. "What is become of him?" eagerly asked the sovereign. "He is unwell," said Clatto. "Has he caught a fever?" demanded the king. "He accidentally received a hurt," peevishly returned the sire of the Seatons. "But I must see him," said the king.

The sovereign was led to the couch of the young valetudinarian, and insisted to feel his pulse. The young invalid put forth his left hand. "I must feel the other also," insisted the sovereign. "Why so?" tremulously asked the youth. "O, I must see your right hand—If you become a public man, how can you sign deeds or orders, except you have a firm right hand?" After many ineffectual excuses, the young invalid confessed that he had lost his

right hand! "Bad enough," says the king, but I have a hand in my pocket; if it fits you, it is quite at your service."

"Death and ruin!" groaned out the young wretch; "that is indeed my hand!"—"And it was your sovereign's bridle whom that hand attempted last night." "O! unwelcome visit!" growled the chief of Clatto, and his whole family groaned around him.

"Take them all," sternly cried the king, "Seize them all, and hang them immediately." The whole of the Seatons were instantly seized; they were hung upon the nearest trees, and their bodies were thrown into the cavern of Clatto.

THE RED COMYN'S CASTLE.

OF many of the ancient castles of Scotland, only sites now remain; and how grateful it is, where the comfortable domicile and the picturesque shrubbery decorate the rude vestiges of baronial feud or of Border warfare! A ducal palace adorns the ancient rock of the

"Lion's Den;" and an *Ausonian* villa and pleasure ground variegate the site or the environs of the Comyn's Castle, near Dumfries.

To the reader of Scottish history, the fate of the Red Comyn is well known. He had large possessions in Nithsdale and in Galloway, and he occupied a very strong castle on the banks of the Nith, not a mile south of Dumfries; but, on having a dispute with Robert Bruce, anent allegiance to Edward Longshanks, of England, the Comyn was stabbed by the Bruce, in the Grey Friars' Church of Dumfries, towards the beginning of the fourteenth century.

His castle stood for a long time, however, undemolished. It overhung the eastern bank of the Nith; and, according to the fashion and fortification of these times, had a fosse, which could be filled with water all around it at other points. Even in 1830, the vestiges of this fosse are sufficiently discernible.

There can be little doubt but that when the Bruces and the Stuarts succeeded to the kingdom and the castles of Scotland, the fortresses which had belonged to this once powerful antagonist, were dismantled by degrees. Many houses, both in Dumfries and in the

vicinity, were doubtless built from the bartizans and turrets of the Red Comyn's Castle. It became, in this way, so dilapidated that for many years bygone it hath borne the humbler name of the Castledykes. Thus, where a Comyn and a Baliol had held their festive revelry, or marched forth in martial accoutrements, might be seen a humble cottager in a tenement of straw—somewhat like a Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage.

For twenty years bypast, however, a modern mansion hath stood conspicuous amid a wilderness of greenery and sweet-scented shrubs. It became, and continues to be, the retreat of simple elegance and of tasteful hospitality. Indeed, from the inequalities of surface in its pleasure grounds, and the mountain and river scenery around it, Castledykes may now be regarded as one of the most interesting and romantic residences in the whole south of Scotland.

THE SUTOR'S SEAT.

A TALE OF THE PERSECUTING DAYS IN SCOTLAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the inuendoes of contempt which the tale of "Old Mortality" seemed meant to cast upon the Scottish Covenanters, there are several spots, the haunts or the hiding places of the persecuted, which seem to be sought for even in the nineteenth century. There still remain some *seats*, or shelters, less celebrated than Lochjoin, which, even in the present day, invite the visitations and the pilgrimages of even the polished and the intelligent.

Of these hiding places, long consecrated by the footsteps of the Covenanters, the "Sutor's Seat" makes one in the South of Scotland. And if we consider the character of the surrounding scenery, as coupled with the characters of those who persecuted, the Sutor's Seat stands entitled to considerable interest, even upon the score of actual curiosity.

In the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, there runs a small river, or rather rivulet, called Crichup Water. It is, upon the

whole, remarkable for its singular course. Arising from a moss in the northern extremity of the parish, it forms, not far from its own source, a beautiful cascade, called the Grey Mare's Tail. Here the rivulet falls over a perpendicular precipice, not less than eighty or ninety feet in height. This cascade, after rain, and when the sun shines full upon it, shows both august and beautiful. About half a mile below this waterfall, the Crichup Path, in the course of ages, hollowed out to itself a straight passage through a hill of red freestone. This is what is now named the Crichup Linn.

Every circumstance of the scenery of this little linn is picturesque and romantic in the highest degree. At the upper end the water forms, what the peasantry call the Gulley Spout, occasioned by the rivulet having worn a smooth fissure in the rock, and spouting in a kind of arch from the lower end o the freestone. This spout forms, however, but the beginning of the linn, which, from top to bottom, is upwards of 100 feet. Although much more than 20 feet deep, it is, nevertheless, so narrow at the top, that

a man may easily leap across it. This would likely be oftener done, were it not for the tremendous prospect beneath, and for the horrid noise of the water running its dark course at its elfin bed. We say elfin, because, at the entrance of the linn, there was formerly a cave or cell, called the Elf's Kirk, and in which cave, or *kirk*, the fairies and folk of Elfinland were supposed, and even believed, to hold their congregations. A hundred tales could be told of these elfin assemblies, and of their preaching and practice by the banks of the Nith—the Castle of Closeburn—the halls of Drumlanrig, and the ruins of Morton Castle. But as this "kirk" was found to be an excellent freestone quarry, the flesh and blood beings in its vicinity have demolished its elfin walls, for the homely purpose of building farm houses and cottages.

Ah! what would Merlin or Thaliessin have said to such sacrilegious conduct? Or how would the genius of a Shakspeare have revolted at such *unfairy* doings! The cave, however, is now converted from being the kirk of the fairies, to be the whitewashed

habitations of men; and, 'tis pity, indeed, if the inmates of such elfin stone cottages should not duly resort to the kirks of Christianity, there to learn a better lore than was ever taught by the sprites of superstition.

Let us descend farther down this singular glen, and we shall find, even in 1827, a singular "seat," which certainly was once occupied by a flesh and blood Presbyterian; and which, even yet, displays every circumstantial sign of its having been erewhile the hiding place of some persecuted being of humanity. On the western side of this almost impenetrable linn, more than twenty yards, perhaps, from the brow of the glen, there projects a rock, which is supported by two freestone pillars. There is now only access at one side into a cell, or cave, which is entirely formed by the projection of this remarkable rock. There might be room for three or four men to stand upright beneath this over-canopy of freestone; and, perhaps, two adult persons might sit on a sort of stone seat within this singular cell. Thus seated, there is a view of the eastern or

opposite wall of rock, through a kind of window or orifice, betwixt the two forementioned pillars.

Here, then, sometime betwixt 1670 to 1687, did a shoemaker make his hiding and resort. Tradition hath not preserved his name, neither hath it detailed the name or designation of his persecutor. For more than 130 years, however, it has been handed down from sire to son, that a cobbler fled from carnage to the Crichup Linn, and that he worshipped, read, and worked in this singular cell.

There lacked not men bearing the sword of persecution in the vicinity and environs of the Crichup Linn. The murky tower of Lag lay not very far distant to the south; and the hall of Drumlanrig rose at nearly the same distance to the westward, and the titled owners of both these mansions delighted to draw the sword of intolerance against the Presbyterians. But a circumstance stands on record on the pages of Wodrow, which may cast some light on the shadows of this Crichup retirement. It is related that "some pious people in the parish of Dalgarno were driven from their homes by

Claverhouse, because they were informed against by a family who were privy to their piety and devotion." Now, probably this poor tradesman might be one of the non-conforming people informed against, and to avoid confiscation or carnage, he sought this solitary sylvan glen, and secluded himself there.

It stands on tradition that he worked at his trade in this sequestered workshop, and that he often stayed in it over-night,—that he carried victuals into his cell when he could find any, but that he spent many hungry days and sleepless nights ere he returned to society.

And a more secluded, or a more romantic hermitage, no lonely anchorite ever could have chosen. Nature had hewn him out a stone in shape of a chair; the sun never shone upon his privacy; the rocks from both sides of the linn almost met above his head; and stinted oaks or birches hung at random from the crevices of the rocks. The small birds sometimes awaked him in the morning, and the blackbird whistled him to repose at night. If the elfin race ever in reality existed, their *kirk* still stood undilapidated; and doubtless their aerial symphony serenaded him during the

watches of the night. The music of the waters was also heard beneath him; their melancholy cadences, in falling from rock to rock, and their hissing when tossed round in the deep black pools, bestowed a more deep and awful solemnity on the scene. Here, indeed, he might converse with God and his own soul, although no elfin people had thronged around him.

It was not till the fury of the persecution abated that the poor cobbler adventured to forsake his solitary dwelling; and perhaps some of the informers who first told concerning his frequenting a conventicle, might at last inform that the poor cobbler was hiding in the Crichup Linn. Tradition surmises that a certain family who once resided not far from Crichup Glen, have had a mark set upon them from father to son. From delicacy we forbear names; but if for four generations there never hath been wanting an idiot in the successive generations of a family,—may not this awful circumstance strike deep impressions upon the bystanders?

The Revolution came round—those who had been hiding and harassed got to liberty again.

But surely no unremarkable after-piece attended one or two of the persecutors. We may publicly particularise the Douglases of Drumlanrig. The eldest son and heir of Duke James, the second in the title, was a rank and rampant idiot. Some say that he was smothered to rid society of such a monster; but at all events, he never succeeded to the title of Queensberry. The eldest and only son and heir of Duke Charles, brother to the first idiot, was idiot enough, or unhappy enough, to marry two wives. The first lady, it appears, he had married abroad, without the knowledge or consent of his parents; and the next lady, a daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, he was induced to marry by the entreaty of his father, to whom Lord Drumlanrig durst not, or did not, reveal his foreign nuptials. Soon after his marriage with Lady Hope, Lord Drumlanrig received notice that his first lady, with some children, was coming to Britain. This threw him into horror and agony, and in a fit of insanity or despondency, he shot himself on a journey into England. Thus ended the direct line of the great William first Duke of Queensberry. Douglas, Earl of March, was

only of a collateral kin, and on his demise without legitimate issue, the name and family of Douglas seemed to be for ever estranged from the princely halls and princely fortune of Drumlanrig and Queensberry.

Several stone steps convey the visitor of the present day to the Sutor's Seat. Some firs are now fringing the brows of the linn. An interesting landscape arises to the south and westward, and it is now become a sort of fashionable promenade to walk from Thornhill to the Crichup Linn and the Sutor's Seat.

THE FONT STONE.

IN the parish of Penicuick, among the ridges and ravines of the Pentland hills, there still exist some considerable remains of antiquity. On one side of a recess, on the southern side of the Pentlands, and at the edge of an old track leading to the "Cauldstaneslap," on an eminence called the Cross Sword, is a stone of an oblong figure, sunk in the ground, with a hole cut in the middle of

it, thirteen inches by ten, and nine inches deep. This stone is supposed to have been the pedestal of a cross. On the west side of the mentioned recess, on another eminence, about a mile distant, lies a stone somewhat resembling the former, but considerably larger. This second stone possesses an oval basin, twenty inches by ten, scooped out in the middle of it also. What is a little more remarkable, there is a place cut on one side, apparently or probably for a person's knees. This stone is called by the country people "The Font Stone."

Now, there are some other appellations attached to places in the near neighbourhood, which may throw some light on these shadows of antiquity. The ridge, or rise of the hill, on which lies this Font Stone, is yet called Monk's-ridge. There is also another old path winding past the Font Stone, still bearing the appellation of Monk's-road. What should be the meaning of these ecclesiastical names and designations? or are we to suppose that the stones, ridges, and roads have, for centuries, borne such appellations at random?

Now, in the time of Penicuick, the poet, some parties from General Monk's army are

said to have been detached to this neighbourhood, and to have given distinction to some places, certainly bearing Monk's name, to this day. General Monk resided for some time at Dalkeith, and might have had occasion to disperse some parties of his troops, even among the ridges and recesses of the rugged Pentlands. There is certainly a little stream which bears the name of Monk's-burn, and we have mentioned Monk's-rigg; but what are we to make of the Cross Sword, and of the Font Stone? May not those allude (coupled with the Monk's ridge and burn) to some ecclesiastical doings and days of a much older date than the Restorer of Charles the Second?

There seems little doubt, then, that some religious foundations had stood here, or in the near vicinity. And there appears to have happened a curious coincidence, viz., that the old Covenanters had used the very Font Stone which had probably been used in the days of a different religion. Wodrow, the historian of the Church of Scotland, distinctly mentions that conventicles had been held at Cauldstane-slap; and traditions of the country allow that baptisms took place in these persecuting times, at running streams, and fonts in the field!

However that some may ridicule all this, as some celebrated men have already ridiculed, the sequel to the persecution of the Presbyterians may hold out a lesson to all succeeding princes. It ended on the Stuarts being driven from the British throne; while Presbyterianism, the wished-for religious form, was eventually established by the succeeding monarch.

The ridges, recesses, and rivulets of the Pentlands, have thus, at different periods, been chosen as the scenes of religious rites, of religious warfare, and of the shepherd's song. The performance of Ramsay admitted not of the employments of a Sabbath among his pastoral groups, otherwise, I hope, we should have seen a Symon and a Glaud leading each the youthful inmates of his cottage to the kirk of Penicuick. We should likewise have witnessed them, on a Sabbath evening, engaged in devotion, while their simple Jennies and Peggies knelt in rapture around them. And could a simple sight be more beautiful? Amid the recesses of the Pentlands, and amid every pastoral scene in Scotland, may such simple sights be most frequently renewed.

THE THIRTEEN THORNS OF TRAILFLATT.

WE have in another place, commemorated Maxwell's Thorns, near Dryfe Sands, we may now be permitted to rehearse some fading traditions regarding some other *thorns*, almost as memorable in a different way.

On the west and south-west side of the Bo'narrow-hill, not far distant from Dumfries, there have long grown, and, in 1827, still grow, a dozen or thirteen thorns, very near each other, at the confluence of the two principal branches of the Cargen stream. They exhibit rather a singular appearance. They have, for some years by-past, been cropt or polled round, apparently for the purpose of hanging linen upon them to be dried. In summer, however, they appear like so many green cones; and throw out their milk-white blossoms in a very picturesque manner, when the blossoming time arrives. They have been polled round by the bleachers at Trailflatt Green, for hanging webs upon them.

Well, but these "thorns" were, some centuries ago, used for drying other linen than the

webs of a bleach-field. Before 1650, there is much reason to believe that a nunnery stood very near the spot, where the Thirteen Thorns now stand. The rising ground and verdant knolls on the opposite side of the Cargen retains to this moment the appellation of the *Nunland.* No vestige of religious foundation can now be traced. And, indeed, for eighty years by-gone, perhaps no memorial of such edifice could have been well ascertained; yet tradition whispers, that on both sides of the Bo'narrow hill, religious houses had at one period been undoubtedly erected. Nunwood is still the distinctive name of a beautiful residence on the east side of Bo'narrow. And, indeed, the very name of Terregles sufficiently indicates a *sacred territory*, or religious foundation. What, in fact, is Terregles, but *Terræ Ecclesiæ*, and these words corrupted by a Scottish dialect or orthography?

The Thirteen Thorns were then, at a certain period, we apprehend, used for drying the habiliments of the beautiful and devoted nuns, who likely held their solitary sanctuary beside them. Perhaps they might also have been used, at times, for inflicting a little penance.

It appears somewhat singular, though true, that large plantations of thorns may still be seen growing nigh to the domestic domiciles of some Catholic families. At Parton, for instance, on the eastern bank of the beautiful lake of Dee, in Kirkcudbrightshire, there still grows a stately wood of thorns, even upon very fertile soil. No doubt the thorns will thrive best upon good mould; but it would seem strange that fertile land should be surrendered to unproductive thorns, unless for some palpable purpose. What that purpose was, the late Mr. Glendonwyne, of Preston, would never condescend to explain; only, when some friends represented to him that "a crop of oats or barley would appear to much greater profit on such fertile soil than a prickly wood of thorns," his answer was, "Well, I dare say you think so, but these thorns shall keep possession during my life-time at least."

Was it because the Saviour of men was compelled to wear a crown of thorns, that even a forest of thorns claimed a religious reverence from a man of remarkable intellect and information? For such, most certainly, was the late William Glendonwyne.

Be that as it may, a trifling tradition remains, that some of the nuns, when driven from their cloisters at the Reformation, were wont to exclaim, when set to regular industry —"I wish we were back at the Thirteen Thorns of the Trailflatt." Indeed, the routine of regular, and sometimes hard work would prove more irksome than sitting in a cell, or wandering at stated hours a-down the sylvan sides of the Cargen stream. Few places are more picturesque and retired than the wooded banks of this stream for nearly a mile eastward from the Thorns of Trailflatt. Indeed, the dell is so deep, and the banks so wildly wooded, that in about a century from the dismantlement of the nunnery, these banks became the dernier resort of some persecuted Presbyterians.

It is known that the Sacrament was dispensed on the Skeoch Hill, about four miles northward from the Thorns of Trailflatt. It is also known that some men were shot on Lochinkitt Muir, soon after that communion. But it is not generally known that part of these mountain communicants fled into the Trailflatt glen, after the bloodshed

at Lochinkitt. Here, however, some hunted people retired, and for a time found an asylum among the thorns and brushwood which tangled thick on the banks of the Cargen.

Thus the haunts of the nuns became the haunts of the Covenanters. And the Thirteen Thorns of the disbanded nuns again became a by-word among the persecuted. When they ventured out from the glen and spied any of the troopers of Lag, they would say, "Would to heaven we were once more among the Thirteen Thorns of Trailflatt,

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THE COVES OF BARHOLM.

IN portraying some antiquities of Scotland, and these antiquities somewhat connected with natural scenery, well may we notice the caves, or "Coves of Barholm." In that bold and beautiful coast, which indents the bays of Fleet and of Wigton, in the southernmost shores of Scotland, there yet remain several coves or caves. None are more remarkable for either their scenery or antiquity than

those we have mentioned. In a straight line betwixt the old castle of Barholm and the bay, and nearly opposite to the village of Garlieston, there are three remarkable perforations in the rocks. The one next to Kirkdale bears the name of the Cove of Barholm; that in the middle, the Kaa's Cave; and the third, since the days of Charles II., has been named the Whigs' Hole.

Of the three, the last designed is certainly the most celebrated. It has borne its appellation on account of some Covenanters, who, for a time, absconded here, under the rigorous persecution of the house of Stuart. And a fitting retreat it certainly was. The perforation extends inwards for more than thirty yards, and, at a little distance from its mouth, the aperture becomes contracted, so that it prevents any grown person from walking in upright, and could very easily be closed by a broad stone. This, by tradition in the neighbourhood, was frequently done in the period of the persecution. Indeed, two broad stones yet remain nigh the mouth of the cave, which are said to be the identical

stones which the Covenanters had used to conceal their asylum.

It is confidently averred by old people of the neighbourhood, that the parties sent out by Grierson of Lag, were repeatedly foiled in their attempts to assassinate the Covenanters who made this their hiding place.

At one time the soldiers, headed by Lag, had observed a woman on the summit of the rocks which overhang the cave, as if in the act of letting down some provisions to somebody beneath. They instantly fired at the female, who seemed to fall down as if dead. She did this, however, on purpose, to lure them to the spot where she fell; for she eluded the fire, and quickly was hid among very thick woods. The dragoons, on being disappointed at not finding the dead woman, as they supposed, scrambled over the rocks, or winded around the bottom in hopes of finding some fugitives below. When they reached the base of the rocks, however, they found no aperture seemingly large enough to admit the Whigs. They sought round a little farther, and found the Kaa's Cave, into which they crept on hands and knees, but found no Covenanters.

Lag, however, was told that there were caves in the rocks sufficiently large to hold half-a-score of Whigs; and he again ordered some of his dragoons to dismount and search more narrowly. They did so, and even, 'tis said, knocked the muzzles of their muskets on the large, broad stone which actually was set up in the mouth of the cavern; the Covenanters from within actually heard them do so, and trembled while they heard it; but the dragoons at that time could effect no entrance. Indeed, the broad stone was applied so fittingly, that the soldiers but deemed it as a natural appendage; they, therefore, after venting a few curses both on the Covenanters and their own commander, generally turned round the sea-beaten rocks, and rejoined their comrades and their captain.

There can be little doubt but that the other principal cavern, still named the Cave of Barholm, might also prove occasionally the haunt of the Covenanters. It is even wider at the upper end than the one which is exclusively designated the Whigs' Hole. From the ease and expedition, however, with which the inner aperture of the latter could be closed and con-

cealed, it is most likely that it was most frequently occupied.

No places, in fact, could be better adapted for the purposes of hiding, than either of the two principal coves or caves of Barholm. The tide daily dashing at the very mouths of their entrances,—the stupendous natural masonry of rock which overhung them,—and that rock fringed with underwood almost to its base; add to this, the thick natural forest, which rose like an amphitheatre, from the very summits of the perpendicular rocks, almost to the top of the hill of Barholm: all these circumstances considered, it was quite eligible for the hunted Presbyterians to make such a place their dernier resort. History bears witness, that several Covenanters were shot in the adjacent parishes of Anworth, Girthon, and Tynholm; and this is abundantly confirmed by the Martyr-stones, as they are aptly called, which cover the ashes of the Covenanters, in the church-yards of all the parishes which we have just mentioned; not to speak of detached grave stones which yet mark the mouldering dust of the persecuted, in the muir and mosses of Tynholm and Girthon.

All this seems to be still more confirmed by an anecdote, beautifully recorded in the Life of Dr. Thomas Brown, by the Rev. Dr. Welsh, late of Crossmichael. Dr. Brown's biographer, in giving some prefatory account of the ancestors of his master and friend, relates, that the grandfather of the Professor was wont to send victuals to some of the persecuted, in the time of Charles II., and adds, "The cave is still shown where such people were thus supplied." Now, can this cave be possibly any other than that one, which, even in 1825, retains the appellation of the Whigs' Hole?

Some intelligent people in the vicinity yet record an anecdote of an old woman, who dwelt in a house named the "Warl's End," who, at different times, lowered down provisions for the persecuted absconders. Whether this woman was employed by Mr. Brown, the then incumbent of Kirkmabreck; or if she did so, from the compassion of her own pitying heart, still it establishes the fact, that there were people beneath, who, in some concealment, needed the supply thus benevolently afforded.

And, in 1825, the aspect and entrance of

these caverns are both venerable and inviting. Over the mouth of the Whigs' Hole, or Covenanters' Cave, as it ought more expressively to be called, there hangs a respectful profusion of the broadest woodbine leaves that can any where be met with. One would almost say, that Providence hath permitted it, as a beautiful and salutary memento, as a picturesque reminiscence of those who were once the inmates of the cavern, and whose memories should bear the bays of everlasting remembrance.

Independent of the almost unrivalled scenery which surrounds the caves of Barholm, there remain some fields of battle and of burial, at no great distance from such sacred precincts. At less than two miles, perhaps, are still to be seen the sanguinary field, and the rude stone *tumuli*, which commemorate "Cairnholy," also the ancient cemetery, and honourable oaken groves of Kirkdale; and on the shore to the southward, the verdant moat of Kirkclaugh, with its celebrated Runic stone. Certainly, many legends of Galloway might originate from the vicinity of the caves of Barholm.

COWPER'S CAIRN.

ON many heights in the south of Scotland may be still discerned cairns, or *standards*, with peculiar appellations. On the top of a mountain in Minnigaff stands a cairn, which long hath borne, and yet bears the designation of Cowper's Cairn.

Now, it hath puzzled some shepherds and store-farmers in the neighbourhood, to account for a *cooper* having ever sate and cleaned his hoops and girded his dishes on the summit of a hill, fully a mile from a shepherd's sheiling or farm-house in Minnigaff. Little do they reckon that it is Cowper's Cairn, and not "the Cooper's Cairn," that they sometimes visit in a summer morning, when they gather their flocks from the height.

It appears, then, that the proper and rational cause for this cairn having been erected is, that it was at one time the haunt of Cowper, Bishop of Galloway. He was fond of extended prospects, and he sometimes hied him to the summit of a green rocky hill, somewhat westward from the Castle of Gairlies; and on that summit would sit and study, or con

over the magnificent mountain scenery around him.

That there was a Bishop Cowper in Galloway, is a fact too well attested in Scottish history to be at all invalidated. The history of Bishop William Cowper stands as follows:—He was born in Edinburgh in 1586. He was educated at St. Andrews, and soon after he visited England, where he was assisted in his studies by the famous Hugh Broughton. On entering into orders, he became minister of a parish in Stirlingshire, and next at Perth. At the latter place his conduct was very exemplary. When James VI. appointed prelates in Scotland, he appointed Cowper to be Bishop of Galloway, and Dean of the Chapel Royal. He was a literary man, and wrote several pieces while a prelate in Galloway. He died in 1619, and left a character behind him, much more moderate and exemplary, than can be attributed to several of the Scottish bishops. His works were published in London, in one folio volume, in 1629. Drummond, of Hawthornden, wrote some beautiful and impressive verses upon Bishop Cowper; and another, and a later poet, the author of the "Task," is said

to have been collaterally connected in blood with the Galwegian prelate.

A tradition in Galloway yet bears, that being fond of savage and mountainous scenery, Bishop Cowper was wont to reside for days and weeks at the tower of Gairlies in Minnigaff,—once the residence, and still the property of the Stewarts, Earls of Galloway. From this old residence it was natural enough to stroll westward, among the rocky hills, which form the background of Gairlies Castle, and all of which then were, and still are, the property of the Earls of that county, which formed Cowper's diocese. A fairy-looking green hill formed a kind of *alto relievo*, rising above the rocky prominences which lay betwixt this mount and the tower of the Stewarts. Here it was natural, and we believe it was true, that Bishop Cowper was wont to sit down and to look around. The rise and the windings of the Cree, the Truil, and the Minnock, lay all beneath him to the west. At no great distance, in the same direction, but concealed from him, lay their savage side-screens, the meads of Buchan, the lake of Truil, and the woods of Caldons; the Buchan and Truil,

famous for having been, 300 years prior, the birth-place and the cradle of Scotland's independence, under Robert the Bruce; the woods of Caldons, also famous for being, about 80 years afterwards, the scene of Covenanter martyrdom, under the bloody successors of James VI. To the south and eastward might be seen the bays indenting the coast, nigh Glenluce, Stranraer, and Wigtown, and the channel betwixt England and Scotland. Well, then, might Cowper look around from this elevated spot.

Whether the Prelate himself, or some friends, in commemoration of him, erected the cairn, cannot now be known. It bears, however, his name; and it ought to wear Bishop Cowper's appellation for centuries to come.

LOCHGOIN.

THE scenes of battles and of sieges in Scotland have often been visited; and even the supposed places where the scenes of the Waverley novels are laid, have been greeted by

several pilgrims; but, until of late, such scenes as Lochgoin have seldom attracted the traveller. Many, about 140 years ago, were wont to visit the solitary Lochgoin; but these wanderers rather sought shelter from the sword of the persecutor, than sought the desolate domain from motives of curiosity.

Lochgoin is a little farm-steading in Renfrewshire, about three miles from Kingswell, and four miles from Eaglesham. It is encircled by the wildest moors and mosses, and can seldom be approached except by pedestrians. Yet in the course of these last six or eight years, Lochgoin has been visited by some celebrated men. Some noted characters, besides the famous Dr. Chalmers, have waded through its solitary precincts. The present house is but a late erection, but it occupies the exact site of the antiquated dwelling in which the famous Howie wrote and resided. The name of the present occupier is also Howie, and he is lineally descended from the redoubted author of the Scottish Worthies. There are yet some relics of the brave Covenanters to be found in his humble dwelling—relics which, perhaps, will be valued only by those who can

value the independence of Scotland. The principal of these ancient keepsakes had once belonged to the famous Captain Paton. That Covenanter officer was known to have kept a very hard sounding drum in his corps, and that drum escaped the ruin at Bothwell Bridge, and may still be seen and sounded at Lochgoin. Paton's sword is also here, much bent and hacked. Its doughty owner would never have shrunk back from exchanging *cuts* with even Claverhouse himself. The Captain's Bible is likewise kept at Lochgoin—he handed it down to his wife from the scaffold before he was executed at Edinburgh, May 8, 1684. Paton's wife gave it to the famous John Howie.

Besides all these endearing relics, there remains at Lochgoin a stand of colours which had at one time been carried among the resisting Covenanters; this flag is still in good preservation. On the top the crown and thistle are inserted; on the left corner is the sentence, "The word of God;" and towards the centre, in capitals — "PHINIGH — FOR GOD — COUNTRY—AND COVENANTED WORK OF REFORMATION."

Such form part of the relics of Lochgoin.

Captain Paton was in strong friendship with John Howie, and often in his wanderings and warfare found occasional refuge in this sequestered tenement. But not to Paton alone was the humble shelter afforded,—every benighted or hunted wanderer found welcome at the hearth-stone of Howie. Often, after a perilous flight, and a lonely meal, have the Presbyterian coterie raised their rustic psalmody beneath yon smoky rafters,—but the psalmody was chaunted from the heart, and welcome it ascended to Him who sees the heart, and whose Spirit attunes all the inner workings of the soul. The symphony ascending from the inmates of a gilded cathedral was, perhaps, not the more approven by the Divinity.

Howie himself had to join in the warfare and wanderings of his persecuted countrymen. He was even banished for some time from his native land; but he returned after 1688, and outlived all the horrors and hardships of the persecution. He saw the despotic Stuarts ousted from their throne, while he himself was led back in peace to his native Lochgoin. Here he set himself down in gratitude to compile his celebrated work, the Scottish Worthies;

and perhaps for fifty years after his death, no book was more famous throughout Scotland than this homely work. It would be little regarded now among the *Souvenirs* and Forget-me-Nots of the present day; but it was long a Forget-me-Not among the peasantry of Scotland, and a safe *Souvenir* among the children of patriotic Presbyterians.

There are no fine prospects around the solitary Lochgoin, no gay parterres nor gaudy waterfalls;—the heather only blooms in summer, and the mountain daisies sometimes prank the stinted sod. But the recollections of suffering worth, and of patriotic perseverance, should ever endear this sequestered spot to a sterling Caledonian. The man who, from principle, opens his door and holds out his hand to innocent or patriotic suffering,—that man merits much of society, and the more so, if that kindness be extended amid peril and persecution, ever apt to fall upon this benefactor himself, for so doing. Such benefactor, then, was the simple but intrepid John Howie. And though there grew no green woods nigh poor Howie's dwelling, in which the hard-hunted Covenanter might hide him-

self, yet from the surrounding swamps and quagmires, Lochgoin, owing to this circumstance, stood almost a fortress. There grow no sweet woods indeed nigh to Lochgoin, in which the blackbird may whistle, but the lark ascends and sings from the red-brown heath, as still indicative of the spirit of Howie, and of the cause which he favoured.

RUTHERFORD'S WITNESSES.

A VERY sublime and sacred authority hath averred, that "the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance;" and although this remembrance shall be upheld by some things very different from topographical objects, yet it is pleasing to remark, that even woods and stones stand charged with the memories of the righteous.

It is known to the population of the south of Scotland, that the Rev. Samuel Rutherford was, early in life, ordained the incumbent at Anwoth, in Galloway. It is also remembered, with deep veneration, how assiduous

he was in improving the minds and the manners of all who were then under his charge. The following tradition, at the distance of 200 years, yet obtains currency in the county of Kirkcudbright, and more especially among the mountains of Anwoth. On a level field on the farm of Mosscobin, betwixt the Kirk of Anwoth and Skyreburn village, there lately remained, or may still remain, two large stones which bear the name of Rutherford's Witnesses.

The reason why such a name was given stands as follows:—The people of Anwoth, ere Rutherford was settled among them, had frequently assembled there on the Sabbath evenings to play at football. Rutherford not only denounced this practice from the pulpit, but frequently followed them, and reproved on the spot; he called on the objects around, particularly on three large stones, to witness betwixt them and him, that, however they might continue such practices, he had done his duty.

The history of the removal of the third stone is curious. A person employed in building a fence, wished to avail himself of

these stones; a fellow labourer ordered him to desist, warning him of the danger of touching such sacred relics; the other persisted, and even jeered Rutherford as a fanatic. He removed one of the stones, and swore that he would remove them all before he broke his fast. In attempting the second stone, however, he fell down dead; or, as another tradition says, he was choked with a bite of bread which he attempted to swallow while applying his punch to the sacred stone.

It is gratifying to reflect that in 1831, two centuries since it was built, the church in which Rutherford preached still remains entire. His very pulpit also remains, and the pews of some of his parishioners. 'Tis only about five years since the house which he inhabited, while in Anwoth, was pulled down, —and a favourite walk by the edge of the wood, where the good man was wont to promenade and study, at this hour retains the name of Rutherford's Walk.

All such still remains as his *witnesses*, even in the 19th century. But he left witnesses, while the incumbent of Anwoth, of a more divine and durable kind. The Castle of Rusco

stands now indeed a ruin, but the "Death aud Heavenly Speeches of Lord Kenmure," are *not* a ruin. Now Rutherford was ever a welcome guest at Rusco Castle; and when its proprietor, Gordon of Lochinvar, removed to Kenmure Castle, and shortly after fell sick, his former pastor attended him during the whole time of his illness, assisted in Kenmure's thorough conversion, and left a graphic account of his patron's last hours. Bishop Burnet's account of the last days of the famous Lord Rochester are scarcely so interesting. No doubt, that Rutherford left many precious proofs of his ministry among the rude inhabitants of Anwoth, for no pastor laboured so powerfully.

Looking to the letters, Latin poem, and less laboured sermons of Rutherford, one is tempted to fancy, that the scenery of Anwoth may have exalted and variegated his imagination. Baronial towers, deep woods, and lofty mountains, and bewitching views of the sea from the tops of these mountains, constitute the picturesque scenery of Anwoth. Rutherford was a great traveller, as well as a hard student; and though some of his works are overloaded with polemi-

cal learning, yet how frequently, how beautifully, and how powerfully, does his fancy flash through all the mists and mystification of school divinity. Comparing his works with the writings of several in the 17th century, how greatly does the superiority lie on the side of Samuel Rutherford.

THE WITCH'S WELL.

SOME tales and traditions are rehearsed regarding witches having danced in kirks, and pursued and punished, as far as they could, such adventurous wights as attempted to reconnoitre them in their weird orgies. Let us now recite a tradition, which will show that these uncanny beings were sometimes punished, aye, and horribly, too, for their real and imagined devices.

King James VI. of Scotland is known to have written a *buik* against witchcraft, strictly enjoining such females as are full in compact with the deil, to be brought to justice and burnt alive! Had he written a book against

forcing prelates upon the presbyters and population of his ancient realm, it might eventually have proven rather more useful.

In the reign of this same James, or under the early government of his son Charles, tradition tells of a woman that was burnt as a witch, in the parish of Irongray, about seven miles west from Dumfries. In a little, mud-walled cottage, in the lower end of the Bishop's Forest, and nigh the banks of the Water of Cluden, resided a poor widow woman, who earned her bread by spinning with a *pole*, and by weaving stockings from a clue of yarn depending from her bead-strings. She lived alone, and was frequently seen, on a summer's eve, sitting upon a jagged rock, which overhung the Routing-burn; or gathering sticks, late in a November evening, among the rowan-tree roots, nigh the dells which signalise the sides of that romantic stream. She had also, sometimes, lying in her window, a black-letter Bible, whose boards were covered with the skin of a *fumart*, and which had two very grotesque clasps of brass to close it with when she chose. Her lips were sometimes seen to be moving when she went to church, and she was observed to predict

shower or sunshine at certain periods, which predictions often came to be realised.

Such was —— ——; and no more harmless creature ever trode the banks of the Cluden. Some young women would occasionally drop into the sheiling, however, for a snood, or a pair of stockings; and if the ruddy damsels happened to come out from the smoky hut with bleared eyes, oh! then, the old witch had been spaeing their fortunes, and spaed ill to them. There was a little well beneath a tree at a short distance from the sheiling. Had the young kimmers been observed to kneel on one knee, to take a drink here, or to wash away the soot from their daised cheeks, with their new stockings about their waists, "aye, aye,—we ken't it; the're playing o'er some o' the Jezebel's tricks!" And, more particularly, if the widow was turning her whorle, on a crag by the Routing stream, she was sure to be then holding converse with Satan.

The Bishop of Galloway got notice of all this, and more; he was repeatedly urged to punish this witch; and lest it should be reported to the king that he refused to

punish witches, he, at last, caused her to be brought before him, nigh to the spot. She was rudely forced from her dwelling, and several neighbours of middle or of old age, were cited to declare all the wicked things she had done. Some who had seen the black-letter Bible with the strange coverings, declared, that "she kept a buik of the *black art*, by which she consulted Satan." Another said, that she went at certain hours *wuddershins* around the well; and that she muttered curses in the kirk. A third insisted, that she practised strange glamour tricks among the crags and dens of the Routing-burn, especially by moonlight; and every one declared, that she took up the time, and turned the heads o' a' the young jilts o' the kintry, by spaeing fortunes. All were ready to swear to this.

So little of a Porteous or a Heber was the Bishop, that he half or wholly believed the most of these charges; at least, he gave up what reason he had, and submitted. The poor woman remonstrated in vain. There were no Jeffreys, Broughams, or Cockburns present, to plead in her behalf. She was sentenced to be drowned in the Routing-burn; but the

crowd insisted that she should be shut up in a tar barrel, and hurled into the Cluden. Almost against the Bishop's consent, this latter death was consummated. The wretched woman was enclosed in a barrel, fire was set to it, and it was rolled, in a blaze, into the waters of the Cluden.

Such, says the tradition of no very doubtful date, was the savage end of one who was reputed a witch. The spot where, 'tis said, the prelate sat, is yet called Bishop's Butt. The well from which she drew the water for her domestic use, and where the young rustic belles washed their faces, still retains the name of the Witch's Well; and a pool in the Cluden, nigh to the well, often bears the name of the Witch's Pool. Even some rocks nigh to Routing-bridge, are still pointed out, where she was wont to sit; and a hollow into which, say some, she used to throw an elfin clue. That wood, yet feathering the hill-side west from Drumpark, always bears the name of the Bishop's Forest; and a sylvan ravine, furrowed by a brawling brook, has been, by some now in their graves, named the Warlock's Glen.

ORIGIN OF "ATHOLE BROSE."

MANY tourists from South Britain who have occasionally visited Dunkeld and its vicinity, must have heard of Athole Brose; and some of the most curious among the Saxon *Luculluses* may perhaps have tasted it;—but having tasted of such a delicious and darling highland delicacy, could the half-ambrosia'd son of the South account for its origin? Even some of the Celtic huntsmen and milkmaids who have rushed through all the revelry of a Highland reel, to the bag-pipes, or to the *bow* of a Gow, when Athole Brose was the melody called for—may, perchance, not be aware that the origin of their darling drink stands connected with traditions and with recollections akin to the ducal coronet of Murray; aye, and explanatory of the heraldic honours and mottoes of that illustrious house.

About three centuries ago, the lands and honours of Tullibardine happened to centre in a beautiful female. This young and coroneted maid of the Tay was fond of perambulating the romantic forests, which then

adorned the banks of the rivers from Dunkeld to Blair in Athole. These forests were, however, then infested by a gigantic wild man, who would dart upon strollers and destroy them, or who would rob any unguarded people of whatever fruits or viands they might be carrying about them.

This savage of the woods had sometimes crossed the path of the heiress of Tullibardine. She stood naturally aghast at being met or waylaid by a Cain-looking, half-naked savage; and at last she pledged her hand, and a portion of land to any unmarried man who should kill him or fetter him.

Several attempted, but were either felled by the savage, or compelled to fly from him. At the particular desire of the young lady, however, a handsome and agile young yeoman attempted and prevailed, and the plan which succeeded shall now be described. There was in a spot in the forest a hollow stone, which received the water of a cool fountain, concealed among a dense grove of oaks. At a certain hour every day this satyr of Athole was observed to repair to the stone basin, and to quench his thirst. The young Highlander

one day turned aside the rill which filled the basin from the fountain, and emptied the basin of all its contents. He then filled it with honey and a liquid like the present Highland whisky, admitting a little water, the better to conceal the potion; he then retired, climbing a tree, from whence he could unobserved watch the success of his stratagem.

At the wonted hour, the savage of the forest arrived. As usual, he fell flat on his belly, and began to drink. Enticed by the palatable mixture, he drained it to the bottom. The hydromel soon took effect. The satyr became intoxicated; he fell into slumber and stupidity; and his wary victor descended from his tree, bound him with fetters which he had previously provided, and with some help, which he soon obtained, carried him before his fair employer, and modestly demanded his *wages*.

The demand was soon accorded; the beautiful heiress of Tullibardine gave her hand and her lands, in consequence, to the humble but accomplished yeoman, for whom she had sighed in secret. Indeed, some of the clansmen thought that she had wished this youth

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alone to succeed in manacling the satyr, that she might with more propriety give her hand to a man, who, she was conscious, was considerably her inferior with regard to worldly wealth and honours.

Tradition says,—that from that day that peculiar mixture of honey, spirits, &c., was constantly called "Athole Brose;" and the circumstance of fettering the half-naked savage suggested the armorial bearings and motto, which for centuries have been assumed by the ducal family of Athole. Indeed, the figure of a naked man standing in fetters, and the very peculiar and appropriate motto—"Furth, and fill the fetters," can leave little doubt as to the correctness of this Highland tradition. The young champion, beloved by his mightier mistress, did indeed go "forth and fill the fetters."

It stands recorded in the history of Scotland, that, when the recreant Bothwell offered to fight in single combat any respectable noble or gentleman who should accuse him of being accessory to the death of Lord Darnley, that the challenge was accepted by Murray of Tullibardine. Now, tradition half whispers

that this was the son or grandson of the champion who fettered the wild man. Queen Mary, then unhappily affianced to Bothwell, forbade the fight between the impudent regicide and the gallant Highlandman; else, perhaps, young Tullibardine might either have fettered or felled the intruder on Darnley's bride, as effectually as his progenitor fettered the satyr of the forest, and won a Highland bride for himself.

The Murrays of Tullibardine were, in 16— created Marquises of Tullibardine and Dukes of Athole, and they also became sovereigns of the Isle of Man. Thus, the mountainous and romantic country, from Blair to Inver, and the Mona, for which even Scandinavia's Kings had contested, became the hereditary domains of the offspring of a simple yeoman, who, by decoying and fettering an Athole savage, won the hand, as he had previously done the heart, of a Highland heiress.

The outline of the foregoing tradition was recited to the author by the Rev. D. Pollock, brother to the celebrated poet, of the "Course of Time." Mr. D. Pollock said that the story was related to him in Athole by some very

respectable old people, who seemed quite acquainted with every circumstance attending the side of the ducal family of Murray.

Whoever shall carefully examine the armorial bearings of that family, will likely deem the tradition corroborated by the naked figure in chains, and by the very remarkable motto—"Furth, and fill the fetters."

THE RAFTERS OF KIRK ALLOWAY.

"I HAVE," says Burns, "no dearer aim than to make journeys through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles, and to muse by the stately towers of venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes."

This is undoubtedly very like a bard and a patriot, and bespeaks a fond heart that vibrates for Caledonia; yet there be lingering among us reliques of our ancient superstitions —trunks of old trees, rocking stones, and rafters of old churches—which recall and rivet the recollections of our princes, our patriots, and our poets.

Who hath not heard of the rotund old tree, in the fissure of which even the hero Wallace secreted and slept, after the battle of Falkirk? Who hath not heard of the rocking-stone of Millfire, to which even our James the Fifth rode to turn on edge? Who among our love-sick Lennoxes and our country lasses hath not heard of the famous yew tree under cover of which the doting Darnley and his beauteous Queen consort held their honeymoon? And who (to descend to far later times), has not read the poem of Tam O'Shanter, in whose *witching* pages stand so celebrated the roof and rafters of Alloway Kirk? But, what is far beyond reading and hearing, what hundreds have striven and struggled to possess but a passing relic of the Torwood Oak,—of the Crookstone Yew,—and of the Alloway Rafters!

It is known that many have gone to Loch Truil to see the Kirk-yard Meadow, and Roger's-bush. It is on ancient record that hundreds have gone to see the massive Torwood Oak, and have riven away a relic to form into snuff-boxes; and the famous yew-tree at Crookstone hath some time ago

been entirely demolished for the purpose of being formed into keepsakes for Queen Mary.

The late Hugh, Earl of Eglinton, caused an arm chair to be made out of the roof and rafters of Kirk Alloway, and no doubt the sacred relic still remains in the cabinet of curiosities at Eglinton Castle. Perhaps the time may come when the Blind Oak of Barjarg, and the large Chestnut at Carnsalloch, shall be cut and carved into keepsakes by our posterity. There are some large old trees on the lawn at Inverary Castle, which were planted by the famous but unfortunate Duke of Argyle, who perished in 1685. These trees ought to be cut into arm chairs, and, it may be, into roofs and rafters for some Caledonian chapel, by some future generation. Even the fine old avenue of ancient limes which so long have graced the entry into Kenmure Castle, may very properly be formed into arm chairs or household furniture by some of the present Viscount's remote successors. We have reason to believe that they were planted there by the patriotic nobleman who joined in the Revolution a few years after the Earl of Argyle was beheaded. The two

families of Kenmure and Argyle had been connected by matrimony in the reign of Charles the First, and likely the date of the respective avenues may be much the same.

The Old Kirk at Anwoth, holding within it the same pulpit from which the famous Rutherford preached, still stands a venerable and endearing monument of antiquity. Many, I venture to say, of the present century, were that edifice to fall, would be proud to bear away fragments of Rutherford's pulpit, and, perhaps, the roof and rafters of the house, and preserve them, and present them as sacred relics to many aftercomers. Nor could such a disposition be blameable. If there exists such a rage for purchasing and retaining the rickety breed of famous race horses, are some people to be sneered at for paying regard to the roof and rostrum which had once contained a man of singular piety and talents? Should there exist any comparison between a Rutherford, reformer of humanity, and a Rob Roy, propagator of foals?

A rude arm chair was formed out of oak and set down in the glen of Lowran, a few

years before the Restoration of Charles the Second. A Viscount of Kenmure sat down upon it while forced for a time to retire from his castle. The fragments of that chair were long preserved, and presented from sire to son in the environs of the baronial castle. An oak tree was planted by Sir Thomas Gordon of Earlston, at a small distance from the Earlston gateway. Sir Thomas was descended from the brave associates of the Covenanters, and the large tree on the barn green at Earlston has long been regarded as a relic of Covenanter antiquity. A Lady Gordon of Earlston built a little rustic chapel in the densest part of Earlston wood, for the congregation and accommodation of the persecuted Presbyterians. For sixty years past this little chapel has lain in ruins, and hazels and birch have arisen up in the sacred enclosure, and even from amidst its dilapidated walls; yet many a man hath borne away a hazel staff, or a birchen rafter, as relics from the once consecrated spot.

An expiring tradition exists on the Doon, that Burns, when a stripling, and residing with his father at Mount Oliphant, was wont to

make pilgrimages to Leglin Wood, on the Water of Ayr. He was an enthusiast for the memory of Wallace; and he would sit and muse for hours in that wood, whence Wallace carried the withes which fastened the Barns of Ayr. Burns retained staffs cut in the Leglin Wood, as long as he remained in Ayrshire.

The time may yet come when a piece of wood from a tree at Newstead Abbey, may be sought and sighed over, as a recollection of the late Lord Byron. A fragment of the roof and rafters of Craigcrook Castle may, a hundred years hence, be cut away, as a keepsake for the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review;* and surely a piece of pine, from the plantations above the house at Abbotsford, will seriously be sought for, and kissed as a memorial of the author of "Marmion." Nay, perhaps the very crook and bonnet of the Ettrick Shepherd, if any such now remain at Altrive Lake, will be carefully cut in fragments by some pastoral aftercomer.

I am sure, for my own part, that I would rather possess the collar which surrounded the neck of Lord Byron's dog, a sprig of evergreen

from the garden of Craigcrook, a piece of old armour from Abbotsford museum, or even a shred of the Ettrick Shepherd's tartan plaid, than possess all the perfumed dice at Almack's, or even be presented with an Arabian stallion from the Royal menagerie at Brighton.

THE LADY GLEN.

THE Lady Burn and Lady Glen, are two picturesque places near Kilkerran, in Ayrshire. The Lady Glen is very romantic; and there remains a tradition connected with it, which deserves commendation.

The reason why the Lady Glen was so named, is reported in two different ways. The first tradition is, that a young lady of the house of Kilkerran, had fallen in love with a person whom her friends wished her not to marry; but that they pressed upon her to marry another whom she could not like; and that since she was thwarted in her first inclination, she decided never to marry at all. Tradition says that she fell into a consumption,

and died partly of heart-break. 'Tis said she wandered much on the banks of a little stream, which, from this circumstance, came to be named the Lady's Burn; and that she had a solitary walk, and an arbour in the glen, into which the rivulet flowed; which glen, from being so frequented by her, hath borne the appellation of the Lady's Glen.

The other tradition is—that an elderly lady of the house of Kilkerran, pitied the persecuted Presbyterians in the time of Charles II.; that she secreted some of them in this glen, and fed them there with her own hand, to prevent suspicion; and that from this lady being seen at evenings issuing from this ravine, the country people gave it the name of the Lady's Glen.

Either of these traditions may be true—or both may be true. Certain we are, that Sir Archibald Kennedy, of Colzean, rode furiously after the Presbyterians in this part of the country; and certain we are, that in a churchyard not far from Kilkerran, the cold clay of some slaughtered Presbyterians reposes.

With great probability, then, some good lady of Kilkerran might conceal and cater for the

persecuted. Tradition even surmises, that a person of the name of Stevenson, who had joined the Covenanters, and who was afterwards well known in this part, made one of the number whom the lady protected. We have seen some account of Stevenson, which bears, that after the Revolution, he resided for several years in the parish of Dailly, and that he uniformly exemplified the most genuine sobriety, industry, and devotion.

From whichever of these traditions this singular glen got its name, we presume not to determine—both are probable enough, and both are praiseworthy. We may now be allowed to describe the scenery of this singular glen. It is precipitous and wildly wooded on both sides. Many rocks jut wildly forward, in the most picturesque forms. Threads of ivy are seen curiously spreading up and twisting around the projections of these rocks. Trees are seen to shoot fantastically forward where there appears no earth to give them root. The stream plays in the wildest cascades imaginable; and its craggy bed is sometimes unseen beneath the over-arching birches and brushwood. A path is now cut and gravelled all

over this singular glen. This path sometimes crosses the stream by a Chinese or rustic bridge; and from this path, and from these bridges, the most wild and fairy scenery catches the eye. Sometimes the walk is on a level with the stream, and sometimes the stream is heard to dash wildly far beneath. At one place a rustic seat invites you to sit down; at another, a grotto or an arbour tempts you to enter in. At all seasons of the year, this little ravine is impressive or romantic; but when the full umbrage of summer hangs over the rocks and the rivulet, and at certain stations partly conceals both; and when the little birds are singing sweetly from bough to bough, the scenery certainly partakes of the fascinations of fairy-land; and while the black-bird whistles in an evening, or the cushat coos plaintively above your head, it recalls all the sensations of melancholy and deprivation of the serious mind. A fog-house was lately seen standing on an eminence above the stream, from which a bird's-eye prospect unfolds much of the glen beneath, and from whence some views of the surrounding country may be taken in contrast. The little stream issuing from the

bottom of the glen falls into the Girvan; after running some miles, falls into the Firth of Clyde.

Such is the Lady's Burn and the Lady's Glen; and few places could be imagined more suitable, either for a melancholy maid, or for a persecuted wanderer. Here the disappointed virgin might bequeath those affections to heaven which she could not bestow even on a titled mortal; and in this sequestered ravine the Covenanter might eat his lonely morsel undisturbed, even by the sanguinary sword of the cruel Colzean. This glen is now only frequented or perambulated by those who "dwell at ease." Perchance, too, even the giddy and the fashionable may take a random turn into it, as a noon-day promenade. It was once otherwise, however, in this corner of Carrick. The Kennedy of Colzean was the Claverhouse of his county. He made widows and orphans without remorse. His name at this day, and on the banks of the Girvan, is still muttered with a curse, while that of the late Sir Adam Fergusson is still pronounced with a benediction.

THE CLOCHODRIC STONE.

OF the many insulated masses of granite or whinstone in Scotland, which have long been known by the name of Druid Stones, that singular one near Castle Semple in Renfrewshire, is one of the most remarkable. This celebrated stone is 12 feet in height, and about 66 in circumference; it has long borne the appellation of the Clochodric Stone, which must certainly be a corruption of the Gaelic *Cloch-a-Druich*, which undoubtedly means the "Stone of the Druids."

That the Druidical worship, before the introduction of Christianity, was practised in Scotland, seems to admit of small doubt. But many have been amazed how such masses as the Clochodric Stone could be detached from rocks in the neighbourhood, and set upright. The standing stones of Stennis, Stonehenge, and many other unwieldy remains, set the present race a-wondering. 'Tis matter of astonishment how, or by what mechanism, such monstrous masses should have ever been insulated and erected as they now stand, or have long stood.

We may well wonder how the Pyramids of Egypt were erected;—and, to return to our own country, we might ask—How were the Castles of Edinburgh or of Stirling at first erected on their basaltic mounds?

Might there not have existed some ancient "mason word," some extraordinary but occult mechanical skill among the priests of Egypt, and among the Druids of Britain? I can see nothing against this supposition; and although such mysterious mechanical skill may have passed away with dethroned Druidism, still the indestructible Pyramids of Egypt, and the Clochodrics and Stonehenges of Albion, may remain as a proof that such powerful mechanical skill had, at one time, existed among the priesthood of both countries.

If this singular stone hath ever been used as an altar of Druidism, it is at no great distance from the family residence of the Knoxes, from whom the great Reformer was descended —a man who taught the incense of humanity to be laid upon the altar of Christianity. In the neighbouring parish of Kilmalcolm, are yet preserved the four silver cups which Knox first used in the Calvinistic communion. So, while

the stone of the Druids remains, there remains likewise some memorials of the religion of Jesus.

There stands a farm-steading in the vicinity still retaining the appellation of Clochodric. Certainly, then, some rites of the ancient superstition were performed here. Not far hence, too, is a rock, on which 'tis reported that Sir William Wallace purposely lay in sight of a party of English who were in quest of him, that he might lure them into a terrible quagmire at the foot of the rock. His stratagem succeeded, and he then decamped, setting some of his followers upon the Southrons when floundering in the mire.

Indeed, Renfrewshire was the native county of the Scottish hero; and there are few waterfalls, high rocks, or tremendous precipices which bear not the "adored name." Even Roman camps and military stations still wear the stamp of the patriot of Caledonia. The name of Wallace may last as long in this vicinity as the Clochodric Stone.

While, then, the recollections of the patriot and the hero—of the misletoe and the Druid, have for centuries lingered among the lakes

and the dells of Renfrewshire, it is well, also, that the great moral Revolution introduced by Knox and a Guthrie, hath also maintained its influence among the dells and the dens, the cottages and Clochodrics of this corner of the West. That the fanes of Christianity may long prevail over the Clochodrics of Druidism is most "devoutly to be wished."

THE LAG RIDGE.

IN a farm, almost in the centre of Dalry parish, in Galloway, there is a heathy ridge, called Lag's-rigg, or ridge. A brook runs by, called Lag's-strand, and a hollow betwixt the ridge and the brook, still named Lag's-howe or hollow. These spots have uniformly borne the said distinctive appellations for more than 140 years, and perhaps they ought to retain such names for 150 years to come. Not, indeed, for the beauty of their scenery, but to commemorate and *curse*, if we may so speak, the memory and motions of a blackguard persecutor.

It is known and still remembered in the South of Galloway, that Grierson, of Lag, headed a troop of dragoons under Charles and James the Second; and that in Nithsdale and Galloway he persecuted with fire and sword many respectable families who were well affected to the Covenanters. It is known by some that part of his estate was amassed by lands or rights of lands, which he extorted from the persecuted. He would pretend to spare some persons or property, provided he got the rights or charters of the land mortgaged with him, until, he said, the times were settled.

In one of Grierson's peregrinations—on this wise—he chanced to be told of a Whig in the back hill of Glenshamrock; and also of a family at Barbourlea (both in Dalry), who held converse or reset with the persecuted Presbyterians. One morning he came early from Carsfairn to a little cottage in a hollow, situated in the farm of Glenshamrock. He found an old pair at their devotions. With the loyal laird of Lag, this was reason sufficient for his exercising some act of barbarity. After rudely demanding of the grey-

headed couple whether or not they had some money concealed; and on replying, that there was none in the house, he ordered his soldiers to bind the helpless pair; and, setting fire to their hut, he scampered southward to pay a visit to another family.

About a mile's riding brought Lag to Barbourlea. Here, two John Barbours (uncle and nephew) resided in two separate domiciles. The house of the nephew happened to be the first visited. The master was absent, but his wife and some children, and perhaps a servant, were peaceably at work in the shieling. Lag demanded, where was the master? He was answered, "Gone about his affairs." "Aye, aye (vociferated Grierson), he'll be away feeding and hearing some o' these d——d Covenanters; ye're a' devilish fond o' them in this neighbourhood; tell me where your husband is, or else you must die." The woman refusing to tell, he ordered her to deliver all the money she had about the house. She said she had none for him, and that it was a pity that peaceable people should be molested or menaced by the troopers of the degenerate

Stuarts. "Take care," cries Lag, "the Stuart is your sovereign." "Aye," boldly retorted the housewife, "my husband's forefathers helped weel the great Bruce, without whom the Stuarts had never been kings; and often, often, have John Barbour's forefathers fought for the Bruces, and run red-wat-shod after the Stuarts; and now we're getting sic' returns." Lag, reddening at this, bawled out, "Well, I know that some more of your kin reside in that other house, and perhaps your husband and some other Whigs are there;" and so, putting spurs to his horse, he was in the act of galloping to Nether Barbourlea.

The woman, however, fearing that the old man who possessed the other domicile might be murdered by the persecutors, instantly caught his horse's bridle. Lag spurred, and the female held; and being actually like an Amazonian both in strength and nature, she turned his charger round in spite of the infuriated rider. Incensed to the utmost at being braved by a female, Grierson gave a well-known nod to two of his followers, who thereupon instantly broke into the dwelling

house, and set fire to it. The weather being dry, and the roof of straw, the flames soon became visible, and the woman, in horror, quitted the bridle of the persecutor, exclaiming, "O! to recover the rights of our land!" The fierceness of the flames, however, more than the grasp of one of the soldiers, compelled her to retreat; though tearing her hair, and wringing her hands, "Oh! we are ruined now," she again sobbed forth. A flood of tears followed the deep sense of her misfortunes.

She wept not long, however. Lag, postponing his visit to the other domicile, and as if glorying in the flames, and gloating over the female's sufferings, bawled out, with a demon sneer, "What think ye now, woman? rein my horse now, if you can; I have done worse than burn your byre also." So saying, Grierson gave half a nod, when instantly one of his soldiers tore a burning rafter from the crackling roof of the dwelling house, and was moving straight towards the door of the byre or cow-house. The poor woman marking this, instantly foregoing her tears, flew to the neck of the trooper, and dashed him headlong to

the ground. Then snatching up a grape, or three-toed implement, which stood by the wall, she drove it furiously against the right arm of Grierson, who had by this time cocked his pistol. "Wretch!" she exclaimed, and pushing a second stroke against his wrist, the pistol fell to the earth. Reckless and raging, she aimed a third stroke at his side, which he partly evaded, by wheeling about his horse. Lag then ordered a soldier to fire upon her, which the private declined, saying firmly that she had suffered too much already, without losing her life. Hearing this refusal, the woman gathered fresh strength and courage, and ran the prongs of the grape into the flanks of Grierson's charger. The wounded animal plunged and fretted so fearfully, that his rider deemed it proper to retire. So, bawling out, "Leave that d—d whig, she must be a devil," Lag trotted away, and his men followed; not, however, until one of the fire-lighters had received a severe wound in the shoulder from the reckless virago. The other, lifting Lag's pistol, hurried away.

Such is the tradition, the family tradition, too much akin to truth, which deprived the

patriotic yeomen of 400 years ago, of rights and a charter bestowed on one of their warlike predecessors, by the immortal Bruce. The Bear-stone at Bannockburn yet stands, or but lately stood, which marked a most invincible flag-bearer stretched bloody on his shield. That hero bore one of the standards of Scotland on that trying field; and when pressed and overcome by the numbers of Southrons, he planted his flagstaff in an elf-holed stone, which, by accident or design, stood close beside him, and with his breast to the enemy received his mortal wound. Brave Scots soon, however, came to rescue his corpse, and to protect the Standard of Caledonia from the legions of Edward.

After the battle, when the Bruce was hailed king of all Scotland, even by his Macdougal enemies, and when he proceeded to reward his faithful followers, a surviving brother of the brave standard-bearer was honoured with a grant of lands in Galloway, and a charter dated at Cambuskenneth.

And who was this faithful and chartered follower, but the uncle, the future uncle, of the arch-deacon of Aberdeen, the well-known

biographer of the saviour of his country. The widow's three sons received their grants much about the same period; and it is not 60 years since the descendants of the Maclurgs, Murdochs, and Mackays, disappeared from the mountains and the forests of Minnigaff. So much for the longevity of some charters begun by a patriotic king. Tradition whispers that Grierson of Lag made a trade of his military commission, by getting charters, or mortgages of charters, now and then into his hands. Some persecutors of the Covenanters at that period played the same game. Anecdotes of such doings could be rehearsed; but for the sake of living relatives of some landed blood-hounds of the 17th century, such recitals shall at present be withheld. Lag, however, had many farms, both in Carsfairn and in Dunscore, of which, for a century past his posterity have not possessed one acre. A persecutor's progeny, however, if turning their way from the crimes of their ancestors, and become remarkable for their regular and domestic virtues, in that case ought not to be upbraided with the sins of their forefathers.

While, however, the descendants of a Claver-

house, a Douglas, and a Grierson, have become either extinct, or denuded of their pomp and circumstance at last, may it not be devoutly desirable, that the descendants of a Bruce's standard-bearer, and of a Bruce's biographer, may be distinguished by all that mental baronality, and *moral independence*, which so eminently marked the arch-deacon of Aberdeen and the flag-bearer of Bannockburn?

THE GIPSY LADDIE.

THE West of Scotland has been somewhat famous for titled ladies running away from their lords; and even at this day some towers and traditions remain, which too strongly corroborate such abductions and seductions.

On a little green, close beside Maybole, in Ayrshire, there still stands a little square tower. Many strangers have gazed on the little nutshell of a tower, and asked and wondered why it was built. Now this little tower was, for many years, the prison or bridewell, or bridal domicile of a lovely Countess.

Alexander Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, nigh the beginning of the 17th century, was wedded to a bonny Lothian lassie, likely considerably younger than himself. Alexander, however, loved her sincerely; he was kind and indulgent to her, and would even sometimes accompany her, on a moonlight evening, to the top of the Cassilis Downans, because she was anxious to see the fairies dancing there. Whether the young Countess wished to join in the elfin revels, or whether she had a fairy paramour, can scarcely now be known. But it chanced that, in a few months after one of these evening promenades to the Cassilis Downans, she actually ran away with a melodious gipsy. Shame upon it! one day in her husband's absence she forsook the venerable towers of Cassilis, and went openly away, not with a fairy, but a tinker!

A tinker, or brazier, of the name of Johnny Faa, attended by a gang of stout fellows (with leather aprons o'er their knees, and budgets on their backs) came singing and singing to the tower of Cassilis, and sung and fluted around it, and around it, until the juvenile Countess ran down stairs, and in the middle of all her

maidens gave her hand to a gipsy! Ah! what thought the maidens? and what deemed the trusty menials of Cassilis of an elopement so savouring of enchantment? What the few menials could do to detain their mistress was manfully done; but the Countess was positive, and the gipsies were powerful, and Faa, throwing his arms around her waist, proudly strutted away with his unresisting prize.

Meantime a trusty vassal scampered off to apprise Lord Cassilis of what had happened. Kennedy stood amazed; but no time was to be lost, and collecting a numerous band of tenants and retainers, made pursuit after the gipsies. He overtook them by night-fall. Faa had lodged the lady in a barn, considerably on the northern side of the Doon; but, as tradition says, had not yet actually lain down by her side. The vassals of Cassilis surrounded the shieling, and succeeded in disarming and securing the gang. The seducer, Faa himself, after an obstinate resistance, was manacled, and the wee amorous Countess, after pouting and looking foolish a little, was pinioned and carried back to her husband's castle. How looked the adulterous little imp then? Was

not the gipsy melody out of her head? And how crested the mighty Faa when the menials of Cassilis belaboured him with hazel saplings, and contemptuously thrust empty ramhorns into his weason!

But he was more chop-fallen, when the powerful Kennedy got the whole gang indicted, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh, for their abduction of his Countess. The wee lullaby loving lady was carefully confined under lock and key, until her lord had got a little square tower erected for her at Maybole. Thither the little syren was sent, to listen to the midnight melody of bats and owls, and where the pipes and flutes of another gallant tinker could never serenade her. Her victuals were handed in to her at a grated window, an aperture too small, however, to admit any amorous gipsy, and the building was so contrived that she could never steal down stairs again, to link with another musical "leather apron." A row, or lately half-row, of loose stones laid across the river Doon, still bear the name of the Gipsy Steps, and the little square tower still graces or disgraces the green at Maybole.

An expressive print of the Gipsy's gang (with the young Countess by Faa's side) may yet be seen in the Castle of Colzean, and a ballad still rings o'er all the West and South of Scotland descriptive of the musical elopement. No fiction, therefore, mystifies the matter.

Now, it hath been said, and snivelled as an excuse for silly courtiers, that Faa "was nae real tinker, but a gentleman and a knight, that had been her former suitor," and that he only disguised himself in order that he might speak to her. Well, granting Faa to have been a knight, he then became the first practiser of masque in the West of Scotland, and a more devilish and destructive device never was begun in any Christian country. The example was not, indeed, unfollowed in Ayrshire. About a century after his death, Hamilton, disguising himself as a sailor, debauched the Countess of Eglinton; and in less than another century, Sir Henry Mildmore masques himself in the blue jacket and tarry trousers of another sailor, and seduces his own sister-in-law, and the wife of his host and friend. More of such masques might be recited, as having destroyed the peace of

families in Lanarkshire and Linlithgow, and ten thousand instances could be adduced, where masques, both in courts and in cottages, have murdered morality, and introduced suicide, discord, and misery.

Indeed, my fair Caledonians, cousins, and countesses! ye would all be happier, even in this world, if ye held sacred the tie of matrimony, and supped and slept with your own husbands. The Countess of Cassilis might have presented many "honest men and bonny lasses" to her sober Earl; and been happy in suckling and superintending their infant years. Miss Twissden (otherwise Lady Eglinton) would have lived happier with her lord, than in being degraded and divorced. And if Lady Rosebery had brought children to her dear Primrose, she could never have been better employed than in combing their little locks and lisping out their little lessons; to have these lessons more sweetly lisped by the little seraphs, while hanging by their mother's knee. She did bring children to her husband, but forsook these dear pledges, that she might indulge her idiot dalliance with an incestuous and impudent blackguard. She absconded to

France, the region, next to Austria and Italy, of unblushing animal magnetism; she threw herself into the Seine, and, when dragged out, was humbled to feed upon the crumbs that fell from Lord Rosebery's table.

The witchery of Gipsyism seems, then, to ascend from the cave to the castle—from the tinkler's stye to the pavilion and the palace. The tatterdemalions, as Burns called them, have long been celebrated for loose living and abominable amours. But their example has been quoted by all the princely lovers of Jordan's, Clarke's, and Fitzherbert's, and greedily aped by ten thousand dukes, earls, barons, and baronets. The sentimental affiliations of Irish spalpeens, gipsy booths, and spoon-makers' cabins, have been trebly refined into the *crim. cons.*, the separate maintenances, and the adulterous divorces of marchionesses, countesses, prime ministers, and princes.

Alas! what an uncoroneted consideration! That many great dukes, great geniuses, great generals, great politicians, and great potentates, have, in their way, been just as big gipsies as any Kirk Yetholm tinkers, or Irish bigamists, that ever attempted to rub away the

rubric of the seventh and eighth articles of the Divine decalogue!

THE GLENKENS TAM O' SHANTER.

THE Tam O'Shanter of the Doon has rung through all Scotland. Pilgrimages were made to the Auld Brig o' Doon, some years previous to the erection of the splendid obelisk, which now graces the vestibule of Kirk Alloway. The "Winnock-bunker in the East," —"Mungo's Well,"—and the "Chapman's Cairn,"—all are visited now,—monthly, quarterly, or annually;—and the antique cot, which proved the birth-place of Burns, and which stands at but a small distance from the Kirk Alloway, is almost forgotten amid the relics and reminiscences which mark the midnight adventure of the man who marred the midnight orgies of a band of witches.

But it stands on strong tradition, that other kirks besides Kirk Alloway, and other rivers besides the Doon, have been the haunts of witches, and of witch-inspectors. For nigh

the banks of the less famous Ken, may a circle still be seen, which, for a century or more, has commemorated a "dance o' witches," and its perilous consequences of their orgies having been inspected.

Beneath a little ridge of rocks, in a little verdant spot, on the east side of the hill of Waterside, a farm in Galloway, very lately could have been marked—or may still be marked—an oval circle. This circle, says a local tradition, was drawn around himself and his horse by a man who was hotly pursued by a host of witches. Finding that neither he nor his horse could get a foot farther, the determined fugitive alighted, and unsheathing a sword, on whose blade was engraven the sacred name of Jehovah, he twice waved it around him, and then describing a circle with its point on the sward, he charged, in the name of God, his pursuers *not* to overstep that circle. The mysterious band—furious as they were—stood, as mysteriously arrested. They had no power to overpass the circle;—but surrounding it, menaced the horseman until a neighbouring cock crew, when one of the most inveterate of the gang

drew a large knife from beneath her apron, cut the horse's tail, which, it seems, hung beyond the verge of the sacred circle. They then scampered off; and the horseman, standing firm in the ring with the drawn sword still in his hand, awaited the day-break, and then, renewing the circle, and giving thanks to his Maker, he rode home to his residence.

Now for the development. — Foster of Knocksheen, a respectable proprietor of his own farm, had been at the village of Dalry on business in the evening of the day;—and being detained until near midnight, he mounted his horse to go home. It behoved him to travel past the Kirk of Dalry, which overhangs a winding of the Ken, nigh to a ford, which was used then, and is used to this day. On passing the kirk gate, Foster was surprised at seeing lamp-light in the kirk; and curiosity impelled him to ride his startled horse to one of the eastern windows, from where he peeped into the sacred edifice. Here, indeed, he saw an "unco sicht," witches, or at least women, in a dance on the area. Standing quietly, for a little, however, he at length discovered the very landlady of the

inn where he had spent some part of the evening. Unable to restrain himself longer, Foster bawls out, "Aye—are ye there, Lucky ——?" In a moment, then, the lights were extinguished; and the horseman, hearing the words, "Catch him," vociferated, made his horse spring the kirk-yard dyke, and galloped towards the ford of the Ken. The pursuers waded or swam after him, and chased him up the Waterside hill, which was his nearest route to Knocksheen. Gaining upon him, however, Foster was obliged to halt, and to draw the mysterious circle which we have already described.

In 1830, the vestige of this circle might be still observable. Certain it is, that Foster, as long as he lived, and his sons and grandsons after him, made a point of renewing the circle annually. The lineal descendants of Foster are yet respectable in the village of Dalry; and the story is not obliterated on the banks of the Ken.

We pass no opinion whether or not there have been really a Weird Sisterhood, for 140 years bygone, either on the banks of the Ken or Doon. Our grandsires believed

that such uncanny beings existed; and that they sometimes took dances in kirks. Sir Walter Scott's Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft are meant to destroy an opinion in which none, at one time, seemed to have believed more firmly or factitiously than he himself. Sure we are, however, that the circle described must have been drawn by somebody; and why was Foster wont so frequently and faithfully to visit and renew it? Wodrow records, that during the Persecution, the sacrilegious Grierson of Lag publicly stabled his troopers' horses in the kirk of Dalry. One would almost as pleasantly listen to the mirth of midnight women in a Presbyterian church, as be startled by the unweirdly neighings and pawings of a persecutor's cavalry. We are sure that Lag and his dragoons were no poetical or romantic beings, whatever substantial connection they might have with the Prince of Darkness.

CUMSTONE CASTLE.

ON the west side of the Dee, near its estuary, at Kirkcudbright, several remains of remarkable antiquity still exist. Of these remains few stand more remarkable than Cumstone Castle. In the parish of Twynholm, and embosomed among ancient woods, with modern plantations of pine nigh at hand, this relic peeps forth in venerable solitude.

Whoever may have built this castle, it was at one time the residence of Captain Alexander Montgomery, the once celebrated author of the "Cherrie and the Slae." At Cumstone Castle that poem was written; and, indeed, the poet has described a cascade in the following lines, which leave little doubt, from the tenor of the description, that it was the cataract of Tongland.

"But as I Inket me alane,
I saw a river rin
Out ower a steepie rock o' stane,
Sine lichtit in a linn;
With tumbling and rumbling,
Among the rockis round,
Devalling and falling
Into a pit profound."

Cumstone Castle, though it was only for the circumstance of Montgomery having resided in it, is therefore entitled to a place among the southern traditions of Scotland. It is, however, in the vicinity of some ecclesiastical remains, which are, even at this day, deserving of renewed commemoration. To the south-eastward from Cumstone are the ruins of the old church of Kirkchrist—which parish once contained a nunnery, the site of which cannot now be traced. In the south end, however, of this old parish of Kirkchrist, there remain at this day farm steadings bearing the names High *Nunton* and Low *Nunton*, and *Nunmill*, and these seem indeed to mark the site of the ancient nunnery.

On the north side of the Tarff, and about the fourth of a mile above the bridge of Tongland, there yet remains a gate-way of the ancient Priory of Tongland, all over-grown with woodbine and ivy. The ancient monastery of Tongland, which had risen opposite to some of the cataracts of the Dee, stood in a very picturesque situation. For about 500 years from the reign of David I., the monastery of Tongland seems to have been one of

the most remarkable in the south of Scotland. Its abbot and monks were generally foreigners, and often very singular men. One of its abbots, in the reign of James IV., made himself sufficiently remarkable indeed. His name was Anselm, an Italian who had studied alchemy, and who professed to fly. He made himself wings, and attempted to fly from the battlements of Stirling Castle, but fell and broke his thigh. Some call him *Damiane;* but whatever his proper name was, he, by his quackery, alchemy, and gambling, acquired a great deal of money from King James IV., which he never repaid. He was ridiculed by Dunbar, the Scottish poet, in a satire entitled, "The Fenzett Friar of Tongland," although Dunbar had studied alchemy himself.

It is not perhaps generally known, that on the same western side of the Dee, at or near a farm-steading now called Barncrosh, there once stood the ancient church of St. Michael's of *Balnacross.* This church belonged to the ancient monks of Tongland; and this grant was obtained from the great Robert de Bruce. These monks must have had very romantic walks among the rugged rocks and ivied oaks

which overhung the cataracts of the Dee. Indeed, for rocks, wood, and water, ancient cemeteries, and dilapidated towers, few places can present more picturesque panoramas, than can be surveyed from the rising-ground beside Cumstone Castle, and some heights on the eastern side of the Tarff. On ascending the bank of that rivulet, to the north-west, the sylvan brow of Queenshill rivets the traveller's attention, for behind that sylvan amphitheatre rises a rocky knoll, where the unfortunate Queen of Scotland once sat down when flying from the victors at Langside. There the discomfited Mary, by the persuasion of Lord Herries, ate a crust of bread and tasted a little fountain, ere she closed her tearful eyes in the dormitory of Dundrennan. And ever since that unfortunate flight, the resting-spot has been named the Queenshill.

Advancing a little further westward there may now be seen, when looking across the limpid Tarff, an enclosure sacred to the *manes* of a mountain martyr. The successors of the same most imprudent queen were wicked enough to persecute the aboriginal subjects of the Bruce and the Stuarts, and the best

blood of Caledonia, after reddening the heaths of the Galloway and the Nithsdale mountains.

Posterity, however, in the 19th century have rebuilt the sepulchre and re-written the mottoes of these mountain martyrs, and 'tis most devoutly to be hoped that the sunbeams of succeeding centuries shall shine sweetly on the moss-ground tablets of the brave Covenanters, while the records of the ingrate Stuarts shall rot in deserved desecration.

THE GRAVE OF THE WANDERING SHEPHERDESS.

MANY a murderous deed hath been perpetrated in this often tragic world, which hath never furnished matter for the tragic muse; and from the days of Theocritus down to Allan Ramsay, many a Shepherdess hath been celebrated, real or imaginary; but in the following catastrophe, which crimsons a page in the annals of private life, and which was strictly true, hath never, so far as I

know, except in an alehouse ballad, been laid before the public.

Maria Selwyn—the real name, so far as I can find—was the only daughter, perhaps only child, to a somewhat wealthy landholder in the county of Exeter. She was beautiful, and, of course, had many admirers and some lovers. To one of these her father had strong partialities, on account of his large landed patrimony, and he actually proposed that his daughter should be united to him. Maria's affections, however, were already bestowed elsewhere; but not on an object that was likely to satisfy her father. On a small farm, adjoining to Squire Selwyn's estate, dwelt a very handsome young hind, of a mind indeed very superior to his humble rank, but master only of a small flock of sheep. His tall and graceful form, joined to his very modest, but insinuating manners, had entirely won the heart and imagination of Maria Selwyn. She knew that she ought to inherit enough from her father as to worldly goods, and she scarcely accounted it any crime to allow her affections to be engrossed by a humble man of merit, whom her own patrimony could at any time enrich.

When insisted upon, then, to enter into marriage with the opulent landholder, Maria lent a deaf ear to the determination of her father. Selwyn was piqued at his daughter's disobedience, or, at least, refusal, and began to enquire if any other person had engaged her affections. Maria never denied but that it might be so, but begged her parent to allow her to consult her own heart in the disposal of her hand. He replied, that she ought to consult her father only; and that unless she discarded every one else, and consented to be immediately married to the man of *his* choice, he would disinherit her.

Her rich suitor had also become piqued at being so decidedly refused by Miss Selwyn. He set himself to work, to find out what other person had so entirely engrossed her affections; and, at length, he discovered the attachment which subsisted between Miss Selwyn and the neighbouring shepherd. Enraged at being rejected for the sake of a herd, he instantly made the whole matter known to Mr. Selwyn. He also was enraged, and between them they planned that the young shepherd should be watched and shot,

as a robber, who had stolen the affections of a daughter from her father and guardian. Spies were bribed, and set to work, and the awful catastrophe was accomplished. The young hind was left bleeding in one of Selwyn's fields in the dawn of the morning!

Poor Maria soon, however, came accidentally to the spot where her lover lay. What were her feelings?—What horrid conjectures rushed upon her soul? The young man was still alive. He recognised her; and holding out his trembling right hand, he begged her forgiveness,—"He had found his death," he sobbed, "for his fatal attachment to her; and, no doubt, she would be compelled to marry some other, or to pine in misery." While Maria was kneeling, in tears, over the dying man, and devouring his torturing words, two or three of Selwyn's domestics arrived on the spot and grasped his daughter as if to drag her away. She resisted, however, with more than mortal inflexibility, and sternly ordered them to bid her father await for the divine vengeance for what he had now done, or connived at. At the moment, —strange coincidence!—sheep were heard

bleating, as if coming to the affecting spot. In a minute about a dozen sheep were running and baying mournfully around the blood-stained shepherd. Lifting his eye—"These are my flock and my all, my unhappy Maria! these sheep will follow you wherever you go. Lift up my crook!—oh!—farewell!"

He could utter no more,—his blood flowed fast, and with his hand locked in hers, the shepherd resigned his soul! Maria threw herself on the bloody and breathless form. Even the pampered menials stood deeply affected at the tragical spectacle. Maria had now twined her arms round the neck of the inanimate youth, and sobbing deeply, when Selwyn himself arrived with more assistance. He upbraided the former domestics for not executing his orders, and caused them to tear his daughter away immediately. They again attempted, but in vain. The Squire then growing quite furious, struck his daughter's arms, in order to force her to untwine them from around the shepherd's neck; and at last, amid her franctic cries and tears, succeeded in making his servants drag her away to the hall, and the crook and the poor sheep

were alone left to remain beside the bloody corpse.

Maria Selwyn was forced to bed, but no slumber could compose her soul. She arose; and her rich and ruthless lover was now at hand, to mock her with her silly attachment to a shepherd boy. She deigned him no reply; but when her father also added his taunts and upbraidings, the distracted damsel, lifting her hands to heaven, prayed for dreadful curses on his head, and tearing up a handful of her clothes, she rushed wildly out of his house.

She ran directly to the spot where she had left the dead body of her lover. But Selwyn, in the interim, had caused it to be removed. He had also ordered the sheep to be rudely hunted away. The crook and the blood were, however, remaining. Maria fell on her knees on the crimson spot, and was collected enough to implore assistance from above. Perhaps she sought not in vain. In a few minutes the same little flock of sheep came running and bleating to her knee. At sight of them, however, she again burst into tears. While some of them scented the crimson spot, as if enquiring for their late owner's blood, others of them

licked her hand, or fondly rubbed their heads upon her, and even one or two looked up wistfully in her face. This was more than could be resisted. Snatching up her lover's crook, and crying, "Poor things—follow me!"—the melancholy Maria Selwyn tore herself away from the still bloody spot. Again she lifted an eye to heaven, and the little flock ran bleating after her.

Her father again sent menials to force her back. She sternly refused, however; and on some of them attempting rudely to compel her, with a maniac's look, and with more than manhood's blow, she drove them off, crying, "Tell your murdering master that he has made his daughter mad and miserable;—and that I will never again stand beneath his roof!" Then, striking her crook on the ground, "Bid him go account to his God!"

Whether the law took cognizance of the affair, or whatever else might be the reason, little more molestation was given to Maria from her father's hall. She, therefore, went along undisturbed in her wanderings. She felt her situation, indeed, strange and awkward; but how could she ever be happy now at

home? She therefore, amid sorrow, sickness, and feverish feelings, determined to forsake England and Exeter for ever. She had heard of the green mountains and the pastoral vales of Caledonia; and hitherward she hesitated not to turn her path. By slow and interrupted journeys, often embittered by sneers and vexatious inquiries, Maria reached the Border, and in summer 1767 or 1768 appeared at Dumfries. Her little followers were by this time somewhat diminished, being now, as reported, nine in number. The strange circumstance of a female followed by a flock of sheep, and these sheep answering to certain human names, powerfully arrested attention. From Dumfries she went to the vale of Cluden; and, 'tis said, lay one night with her flock around a grave stone of the Martyrs. She then struck into the vale of Nith, and was seen at Cumnock. Here a man of the author's acquaintance actually conversed with her anent her situation and sufferings. Maria Selwyn afterwards wandered away towards the Loudon Hill, her sheep gradually diminishing in number.

From thence she fed them slowly among

these wild mosses and moors, which lie to the northward of Kingswell; and, at length, worn down with sorrow and suffering, she was found dead on a little spot not far from Lochgoin, about 1771; and when found, her three remaining sheep were lying bleating around her.

A few shepherds assembled, and interred her bones on the very spot where she had resigned her breath; and an attempt was made to drive the sheep away from the sepulchral knoll. This, however, was in vain. They always ran back, and scented the grave-sod, and bleated mournfully around it. The shepherds then desisted, but returning some days afterwards, the sheep were all found dead. One of them lay stretched on the very sod which covered the remains of their mistress, and the other two were lying, one on each side of her grave.

THE NIGHT BEFORE KILLIECRANKIE.

SCEPTICS and scamps may say what they will, but it hath often been proven, that coming events cast their shadows before;

and there can be little doubt but that the avenging agency of the Divinity suffers not the man of blood to escape. Mark the sequel.

In 1687, Graham of Claverhouse, lately created Lord Dundee, hung, with a band of Highlanders, on the mountains of Athole, in order to prevent General Mackay from taking possession of Blair Castle. On the night previous to the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee had retired to his tent, to enjoy a few hours of repose. While he slept, a man, with his head crimsoned with blood, started up before him, and bade him arise. Graham rose upon his elbow, but seeing no human being in his tent, again addressed himself to sleep. Soon after, however, the same figure seemed to rise before him, and pointing to its own bloody head, sternly ordered Dundee to remember Brown of Priesthill. The commander, starting up to his feet, and laying his hand upon his sword, demanded of the guard, nigh to the door of his tent, if any person had been seen to enter. On being assured of the contrary, he again composed himself to rest, not, however, without some palpitation. On falling asleep the third time, however, the same awful personage

arose before him, and advancing close to his pillow, more sternly cried, "Arise!" and pointing to the plain of Killiecrankie, which lay at some distance beneath, cried, with a stamp and a frown, "I'll meet thee yonder!"

No more sleep remained for Dundee. He dressed himself, and stepping out of the door of his tent, paced to and fro on the mountain sward. The night was somewhat gloomy; and one might have, at this moment, supposed him to have recited the following lines from the tragedy of Richard the Third. Let it be remembered, that the battles of Bosworth and of Killiecrankie, were both fought in July; and that both King Richard and Dundee were on the eve of terminating two very daring enterprises, and not very likely to be enjoying much composure of mind:—

"'Tis now the dead of night,—and half the world
Is with a lonely, solemn darkness hung!
Yet I,—(so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of my soul—
And care-tired thoughts,—can't win her to my bed;
I'll forth—and walk a while:—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it wholesome odour. Awful is this gloom!—
There some with patience sit and only ruminate,

The morning dawns. By yon heaven!—my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-guided night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch—does limp
So tediously away,—I'll to my couch,—
And once more try to sleep her into morning."

Dundee, however, attempted to sleep no longer, but calling up a Highland chief related to him the strange visits he had received, ordering the chieftain, however, never to reveal the secret, if the coming battle should prove the Highlanders successful. It is recorded by history, that, on the forenoon of the day on which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought, Dundee never would descend from the mountains, although his men were somewhat galled by the fire of Mackay's troops, and a Highlander now and then falling at the feet of his fellows. Whether he had any secret dread of disaster, or whether he wished no close encounter to commence until sunset, when his troops, if defeated, might find shelter in the mountains, will never be known. It was, however, nigh to sunset, when he suffered or ordered his impatient Celts to fall, sword in hand, upon the forces of Mackay. Like the burst of an Athole

torrent, their onset was irresistible. In a few minutes the forces of King William were defeated, and beginning to fly, when a shot, as if by accident, perforated the side of Claverhouse while lifting his arm to point the pursuit of the flying enemy. A little after, he fainted and fell, and in the very moment of victory, the cause of the abdicated Stuart was lost for ever.

The shade of Priesthill had also its revenge. Like the sceptre which summoned Brutus to Philippi, the more awful *eidolon* of Brown had its triumph, even in the hour of victory, instead of the gloom of the offender's defeat. The hordes of the Highlanders fled, as if in exile, to their native mountain fastnesses. Mackay, though defeated, enjoyed the substantial victory, and a little grey stone was erected to mark the spot where the victorious persecutor breathed his last. So much for the finale of successful tyranny. The grey-haired grandsires of Athole yet recite to the southern traveller the awful dreams which disturbed the repose of the bloody Claverhouse, and the confident, to whom these dreams were entrusted, held

himself as no longer bound to secrecy, after the blood of his comrade had crimsoned the battle-field.

BARGAULIE OR THE DEVIL!

FOR every remarkable saying or adage in a countryside there has usually been a reason. The saying which stands at the head of this article has been bandied about for a century in the south of Scotland, and its origin can be very pertinently accounted for. Circumstances yet remain for its confirmation.

On the southern bank of Palnure, a small river which flows from the Minnigaff mountains into the bay of Wigton, stands a sheltered, neat mansion, named Bargaulie. It is now the property of John M'Kie, Esq., a cadet of the ancient M'Kies of Esconchan, whose famous forefather fought with the valiant Bruce. But about a century, or eighty years ago, the house and lands of Bargaulie belonged to an Andrew Heron, a collateral branch of the Herons of Kirrochtrie.

This Andrew Heron was famous in his day, as being the greatest botanist in the South of Scotland, or perhaps in Scotland altogether. He planted and cultivated many trees and shrubs at Bargaulie, which have long remained the wonder of botanists and tourists, who came far to see them; and one or two such shrubs and plants remain, whose genus and name seem even unknown to the modern botanists and horticulturists. Heron of Bargaulie went to many gardens both in Scotland and England, searching for new and singular plants. His name and fame sometimes went before him. It certainly was so in a journey which he once made to the royal gardens, near London. He had gone into the gardens at Kew or Richmond, and was strolling about, looking at all the rare plants or trees with which the royal gardens or orchards were furnished. The master gardener seeing a rustic-seeming Scotsman eagerly conning every singular shrub that came in his way, went up to Heron, and rather roughly accosted him:—"What d'ye look for there?" cried the gardener. "I'm a loyal subject of his Majesty's," said

Bargaulie, "and surely I may look at the King's newest plants." "What do *you* know about plants?" vociferated the gardener. "What is that?" pointing to a certain shrub, "and where was it got?" Heron at once told the name, and distinctly explained its qualities, and added whence alone it could have been procured. "You must be either the devil or Bargaulie," keenly exclaimed the gardener—"what is your name?" "My name," said Heron coolly, "is Andrew Heron of Bargaulie, in Kirkcudbrightshire. "It must be so," said the other, "for none but Bargaulie or the devil could have explained what you did."

The haughty tone of the royal gardener was now entirely subdued. Disregarding Heron's rustic appearance and homely habit, he led him to many other curious plants, and to some that the royal horticulturist could not even name. Heron, like Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, told him all that was in his heart, and the gardener's heart, like the Queen's, sunk within him. The gardener now entertained Heron hospitably; and Heron, like the Queen

of the South to her own land, returned to Bargaulie, in the South of Scotland.

Heron continued his botanical pursuits till the day of his death. He lived soberly and righteously, and did harm to no man. In the lawn before the front of his dwelling-house, he caused even in his lifetime a sepulchre to be dug. He arched it with stone, and reared his mausoleum with a roof entirely in his own taste. He died in 17—, and his spouse and himself were actually inurned in this singular sepulchre. The lands of Bargaulie passed into other hands, but the ancient mausoleum remained; and at this day it remains in the front of Bargaulie mansion-house.

In 1828 Andrew Heron's tomb bore upon its roof a slate stone of an oval figure, and the following inscription ran round it thus :—

> "In hopes of future immortality,
> Here doth the dust of two lone Christians lye."

Then follows the name and surname of Andrew Heron's wife and his own.

On an eminence eastward from the house of Bargaulie, there is yet the vestige of a circular

walk at the base of a fairy-looking rock, where the gifted Heron was wont to pass his summer Sunday evening. There likewise still remains the semblance of a seat cut out of the crag, where he used to sit and read or ruminate when tired with walking. The picturesque vale of Palnure lay beneath his feet, and the dark dells, and often dense-clouded summit of Cairnsmuir towered majestically behind and above him. In fair weather the bay of Wigton expanded beautifully to the south, and the awful cones which unbosom and encircle the sources of the Dee and the Truil, rose jagged to the westward, as seeming still to guard and to guerdon the ancient haunts of the Bruce. The very heart of Heron expanded at the scene.

Here, then, in fine weather, would he pass his summer and autumnal evenings, with his Bible beneath his arm, or laid solemnly on his rocky seat. And again, casting his eye on the June or September woods beneath him, and the river meandering among meads and sylvan scenery, would Heron anxiously ask his Heaven for the trees of life, and for draughts of the stream of immortality.

Ere we close this account of a former freeholder of Bargaulie, we may be permitted to rehearse a few things regarding the predecessor of its present possessor. He is undoubtedly a cadet or lateral descendant of the second of the widow's famous three sons, who so bravely followed the Bruce. It is recorded, that when King Robert, after the battle of Bannockburn, asked the widow what reward he must give her three sons, she replied, three "hassocks" of land. The monarch agreed; and the forest of Palgowan fell to the share of M'Kye or M'Kie. His descendants, as most respectable freeholders or yeomen, possessed it till about 1760. And it is proper to recite, that one of these, John Mackye, sat as a senator in the British Parliament, for the county of Kirkcudbright, from 1747 till 1754; and that his son or successor, J. Ross Mackye, also represented the said county from 1754 till 1761.

This last lineal descendant of the famous soldier constantly resided, when not in London, at Esconchan, on the west side of Loch Truil, and within the ancient forest of Palgowan. Here the remains of his famous

orchard and flower garden are to be seen at the present day. And here from the days of the Bruce, to the days of the last century, grew the most dense and beautiful oak woods in the south of Scotland.

For some reasons the Mackyes were obliged to part with Palgowan to the house of Galloway. But J. Ross Mackie purchased Hawkhead and Netherlaw; and as a very singular mode of sasine took place in his conveyance of that estate to his successor, we trust we may be allowed to recite the transaction.—Patrick Heron, a literal descendant of the famous Andrew Heron of Bargaulie by his second wife, a lady of Dundonald, had two amiable daughters. Ross Mackye being in terms of intimacy with Heron, often spent days at Kirrochtrie. The young ladies were of course running about the parlour or premises; and Mackye one day asked the eldest of the two if she would give him a kiss. The young lady, from maiden bashfulness, demurred or declined. Not so her sister, however, for Mackye, gently grasping the hand of Elizabeth, the youngest, asked if she would give him a kiss. The young

sylph, running close to the knee of the venerable gallant, instantly allowed the descendant of Bruce's follower to imprint a kiss on her lips or forehead. And the childish dulcinea had her reward; for Ross Mackye, tapping her shoulder, as Bruce would have created a knight, immediately ordered her to kneel, and rise the lady of Netherlaw. And the bequest was substantiated; for on the demise of Mackye, the beautiful estate of Netherlaw, in Berwick, fell into the possession of the house of Kirrochtrie.

Thus the followers of the Bruce have not all been ephemeral beings. The descendants and descendant of one of the widow's three sons either lately possessed, or still possesses, a "hassock" of land in Miningaff.

THE COVENANTERS' COMMUNION TABLES.

OFTEN, in summer, on the edge of a lake, or by the banks of a beautiful stream, hath the Lord's Supper been dispensed in omantic Caledonia. But seldom has the

communion been dispensed under such peculiar circumstances as we now proceed to describe.

There runs a small stream in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, yet named the Auld Water. It collects its feeders or fountains on the bleak and barren hills, which, on the back of Stroquhan, Speddoch, or Scaur, overlook, from the west, the sweet-wooded vale of the Cluden.

Near one of the branches of this mossy stream, and on the side of a heathy hill, may yet be marked a large broad stone, with smaller stones set regularly, as diverging from it.

And what was the use of this broad, flat stone? And what were the uses of the smaller ones around it?—When Grierson of Lag was hunting the Presbyterians from hill to hill, this large stone served as a communion table, and the lesser ones around it served as seats for the communicants!

No parade—no silken luxury was here. The bloodhounds of the persecution were raging around them. The persecuted were compelled to snatch the "Bread of Life,"

and, with a quivering lip, to taste the Cup of Salvation!

And often has the communion been partaken of here. And sometimes, in summer, had the small birds joined the sacramental melody; and the lapwing, as if enamoured, had wheeled soothly around; and the red-brown heath had smelled sweet beneath the communicants' feet. But, in February, 1685, no birds were to sing around them, and the yet wintry heath was to be dyed with communicants' blood.

Lag and his compeers had heard of the sacrament being sometimes dispensed here. Although he had tried to surprise the simple communicants, hitherto he always failed.

In February, 1685, however, his gang succeeded. They succeeded in surprising the communicants, and in almost mixing the wine of the Supper with the partakers' blood.

The persecuted had watchmen. But, at this time the dragoons, under a cloud of mist, were almost upon the partakers ere they could flee for their lives. They did flee, however,—some towards the banks of the

Cairn, some towards the muirs of Lochenkit. The haze, no doubt, favoured the pursued, as, at first, it favoured the pursuers. Six of them were taken, however, on the Lochenkit Muir. Four of them were shot immediately. The other two were spared for a little, to be afterwards hung upon a tree.

William Heron, John Gordon, William Stuart, and John Wallace, were the four who were shot. A simple stone on the Muir of Lochenkit yet marks the spot where these martyrs fell. This was the last communion service on record which was dispensed on these sacred stones. But the stones remain. And yet, even in the nineteenth century, have good men been seen, with hands uplifted to heaven, and knees bent in devotion, stretched on this communion table. And why not be seen? Lives there a Scot who would be ashamed to be caught on this communion stone? He is, then, unworthy of the country of Wallace and Bruce, of Fletcher, of Cameron, and of Jerviswood.

And shall not the sainted shades of these persecuted communicants—even the disembodied spirits of the martyrs—revisit, at

times, this "table in the wilderness"? And shall they not hover around these heaths, where their martyred dust reposes? And shall they not delight to see the forms of their posterity bent devoutly on the spots where the Saviour was sought under privation and blood?

And let us indeed revisit these solemn scenes. The blood was not spilt for nought! The Redeemer was not sought in vain on the rock and the wild! The blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the Revolution.

Ye silken sons of luxury, servility, and softness!—ye who scarce can partake of a communion beneath a summer shower! what think ye of the watching, privation, and pain—of the strangling and the bloodshed, which paved the way for your silken security? Ponder and pause!—and be not ashamed to go, like him who is knicknamed "Old Mortality," to chisel out the names of the martyrs, or to bend the knee at the Communion-stone which sits in the wilderness.

THE VISCOUNT'S MOUNTAIN CHAIR.

THE Viscounts of Kenmure have been compelled to leave their romantic residence on more occasions than one.

North from the peak of Lowran, a mountain torrent descends from the heights. Whirling round many a rock and root and Alpine arbour, and forming many a lesser cascade, it dashes at last over an insulated cataract, and hurries away into the lake of Ken.

Nearly in the middle course of this Highland-looking torrent, has nature formed a wizard and sequestered dell. And it is indeed a wizard and romantic dell. The masonry of nature hath formed two walls of rock, and between these walls of rock sweeps the mountain stream. That to the south is near thirty feet high, and overhung with mountain ash, eglantine, and prickly evergreens. That on the north is somewhat lower, but more overhung with birches, eglantine, and spreading ash. And much more wood, at one time, had spread thickly around.

Betwixt the north rock and the torrent there is space for a rustic seat; and on an

oaken chair in this dell have Kenmure's lords sat down!

Here did Robert, the fourth Viscount Kenmure, conceal himself from his enemies. From his attachment to the Stuart family, after the death of Charles the First, his estates were forfeited by the Parliament, and a price was set on his head by Oliver Cromwell.

When the Viscount heard of the troops of Cromwell being on their way to his castle, he took horse and rode away through the rocky hills to the west. He wandered for some time among the rocks which overhang the Dee; but, being informed of English scouts in pursuit of him, he deemed it safest to resort to some place of hiding. And the glen of Lowran did he choose for his retreat.

A massive oak grew at hand. He caused the trunk to be sawn into the shape of a chair. The bottom was of one solid piece. The back was solid also. He set it in this wizard and sequestered ravine, and the brawling torrent swept by his feet.

On the third day, the Viscount ventured to steal out from his hiding-place. He stept

backwards a few paces; and, blessed Heaven! what did he behold? He saw his beautiful castle all wrapt in flames! The sight was distracting. He threw himself on the heath. He prayed to God that the rule of Cromwell might be short.

His romantic residence was indeed in flames. The troops of Oliver, after plundering and carousing, were so irritated at not being able to apprehend the baron, that, in wantonness and wickedness, they set fire to his castle!

What could Lord Robert now achieve? His residence was burnt—his lands were forfeited—and even a reward was offered for his head! Some menials, who knew of his retreat, provided him with victuals, and kept watch around him. He returned to his melancholy den, and he continued there, till he was certain that the troops of Cromwell had evacuated his roofless walls!

But these roofless walls had now no refuge for him. After wandering for some time in sight of the roofless ruins, he went farther to the south. For he had lands in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Threave.

Thus, in about 20 years after the attain-

ment of the peerage, the predicted burning of Kenmure Castle took place. See Life of Semple of Carsfairn.

Lord Robert, however, outlived the vengeful usurper. And, in 1661, one year after the restoration of Charles the Second, he died at Greenlaw, near the fort of the Threave.

The oaken chair remained, however, in the Lowran Glen. It remained, indeed, till a succeeding Viscount sat down upon it again in solitary concealment! The same Stuarts who had been welcomed to their kingdoms, now drew the sword of persecution in the south of Scotland. John, descended from the Gordons of Penninghame, or, more probably, his brother Alexander, the sixth Viscount, was connected with Bell of Whiteside. It is recorded in history how Bell was savagely murdered by Grierson of Lag. Kenmure, reproaching Lag, received most insolent language. The Viscount drew his sword, and would have finished the recreant persecutor. Claverhouse, being present, rushed between them. Grierson was saved, but he forgot not the grudge which he owed to the Viscount.

Lag made complaint to the Scottish Council.

He represented the Viscount of Kenmure as being connected with, and friendly to the Covenanters. Claverhouse, it is said, got orders to apprehend Kenmure, and to carry him to Edinburgh. Tradition records that Claverhouse, sensible of their attachment to the Stuarts, did not wish to execute his orders against the family of Kenmure. He wrote secretly—and, it is said, the letter yet exists in the archives of the family—the purport of his orders. And likely he gave a hint that Kenmure might understand and keep out of the way.

Be that as it may, the viscount deemed it prudent to abscond from his castle. Having known of the hiding of his injured predecessor, he was also informed of the "fairy" ravine. Thither he retired. The chair was still there; and the umbrage of the overhanging wood was as dense as ever.

Hither he retired; and it is in tradition that he remained in his predecessor's glen for three days and for as many nights. The Graham of Claverhouse, perhaps, went not personally to the Castle. And if some dragoons were sent, according to the letter of the orders, they were

certainly instructed to search only for the Viscount. They would be forbidden all spoliation; and, as the Baron was not there, they would retire to their commander.

Whatever intermediate viscount had reroofed the castle, there is no doubt but that part of the first viscount's buildings were restored. And Alexander, when informed that the dragoons were gone, had not the mortification to behold his sweet residence in flames! He returned to that castle, and that castle uninjured. There is no doubt, however, but that he gave both harbour and victuals to the persecuted Presbyterians. And the rocks in Kenmure wood would often conceal them from the ruthless raids of Grierson.

And is it any disgrace to a successor of the family, that the Lords of Lochinvar sometimes hid in a deep mountain glen? And is it any disgrace to the family of Gordon, that the founder of their peerage should have been converted by Rutherford? Or that a viscount of the race should have harboured Covenanters? Were I ever the master of yon lordly residence, I would plant around the glen where two viscounts kept their chair. And I would

adorn the highest rock in the wood of Kenmure with the statue of him who befriended the Presbyterians!

And the Chair is no fancied tale. Within the last twenty years the remains of this Chair have been seen at New Galloway. And few spots are more singular than the spot where that Chair was set. And retiring fifty paces westward from that Glen, a scene may be seen which has seldom been outvied. For mountain, wood, and water, save in far Lochaber, the inland of Scotland scarce presents the like! And the ancient thorns—the moss-crusted rocks—and the silvery waterfalls—which chequer the northern declivities of Lowran, revive reminiscences of the haunts of the Bruce.

Nor is the residence of Kenmure, part roofless, still to be outdone by the baronial mansions of Scotland. Even the gay parterres and the superb front of Gordon Castle are thrown into tameness by the wildly romantic residence of Kenmure Mount. The sweet expanded lake and the Dunkeld-rivalling plantations of Lowran may arrest the attention of some future tourist.

And if in the district of Glenkens, the avengers of the Gridiron were found—if the woods of Kenmure and of Earlstoun supplied either fanes or favour to the persecuted Presbyterians—may there be still in this ancient district a band to cherish the feelings of religious and moral independence!

THE WITHERING OF THE OAK TREE OR, THE IRONGRAY MARTYRS.

IN 1685, when Bruce and Grierson of Lag were hanging and murdering wherever they pleased in Galloway and Nithsdale, two men had a remarkable exit near Irongray Kirk.

They were surprised at Lochenkit Muir, along with other four. The four were shot, and their graves may yet be seen on the solitary muir. The two alluded to were taken to Bridge of Orr, where Lag was pressing the abjuration. Bruce, wicked as he was, would have these two tried by jury. Grierson swore they should not.

Accordingly, next day, the 20th February, the thumbs and toes of each of these men were tied together. They were then slung, one on each side, over a horse. Thus were they carried to a knoll near the Kirk of Irongray.

There was a very large oak tree growing there at that time. By Lag's orders they were both hung on that spreading tree. When they were coming to the tree, a neighbour asked one of them, Alexander M'Cubbin, if he had any word to send to his wife. "I leave her and the two babes on God Almighty," was the reply.

When the person employed as executioner asked his forgiveness—"Poor man! I forgive thee! Thou hast a wretched calling upon earth!" was M'Cubbin's answer.

But somewhat remarkable was observed of this tree. From that hour it never bore a leaf! The showers and sunshine of spring never more could give it vegetation. The first summer passed by—no leaf of this arose! The second came, in all its luxuriance—the oak tree withstood its influence! The third year it withered and died! Before this event

it was noted as the healthiest oak in the forest. None shot forth a fresher leaf—none expanded a more grateful shade.

There grows a little plantation of oaks, near the spot, at the present hour. Near the lower end of this knoll can yet be seen the rustic tombstone of the two steady martyrs. The inscription bears, that it marks the graves of Edward Gordon and of Alexander M'Cubbin. A handsome square enclosure now (1832) surrounds the grave of the Irongray Martyrs. This is the fruit of an impressive sermon preached there by the Rev. G. Burnside.

There hath been a Jeanie Deans beautifully pourtrayed by the author of "Waverley." That Jeanie Deans is fixed at St. Leonard's—and that Jeanie Deans is marked as a Covenanter.

But the real Jeanie Deans, or the prototype of the uncommon maid of St. Leonard's, lies in her dust, near the grave of these martyrs. Yes, in the church-yard of Irongray lies the dust of Helen Walker; and Helen Walker went to London on foot, to obtain the pardon of a condemned sister.

And she succeeded. And often, often after her return, was she seen to wander nigh the grave of these martyrs!

And these things are true! And oft hath the writer of this tale journeyed along these sweet banks of the Cairn—for the Cairn glides gently by near the grave of the martyrs. And oft hath he dwelt on the days that are past. And well may his reminiscence be here; for while he drops a tear o'er the martyred pair, he rejoices that the Jeanie Deans of Irongray was his distant relation.

THE ARRAN ASSASSIN.

A NEW TALE OF TRUTH.

IT has been said concerning murder that it never can lie still. Perhaps this adage was never more impressively exemplified than in the subsequent story.

A young, fair-looking lass, in the parish of Ardrossan, in Ayrshire, was frequently accosted by a ferryman from Arran. The ferryman had been married in his native

island, but was now a widower, and the blue soft eye of Jessie Nicholson arrested him whenever he moored his boat at Saltcoats. He was half-betrothed the second time to a mountain nymph in Arran, but, without letting the latter know anything of his attachment in Ayrshire. Jessie Nicholson, however, fell to be with child to him, and, perhaps he would have married Jessie, except that he was betrothed to the maid of Beni Goil.

In this divided state of mind, John Collins, for that was the ferryman's name, most shamefully put it upon Jessie to offer her child to an Irishman. This the honest girl refused, and upbraided Collins for proffering such advice. She said she was entirely innocent except for his own false promises, and how could she offer her child to another with whom she never had any connection? With this Collins seemed to acquiesce, but began to revolve in his mind some wayward catastrophe.

One Sabbath morning towards the end of February, in 1790 perhaps, he came to the house of Jessie Nicholson's brother. That brother seemed to think that Collins was come

to propose something about nuptials, and the ferryman from Brodick was well received. After taking tea, Collins asked Jessie to go along with him up the shore. The simple girl complied. She went, but she never returned. That evening the corpse of a female was drifted ashore betwixt Ardrossan and Saltcoats, and the lifeless body was lifted and laid into the kirk of Ardrossan. While stretched upon one of the forms in the area of the church, her long yellow locks were fancifully crossed beneath the form, and coming around both the bench and the body, were gracefully knotted on the top of her breast. The ill-fated female seemed to have been forward in pregnancy, and neighbours gathering around to inspect the interesting object, the body of Jessie Nicholson was at length recognised.

One of her brothers recollected that she had gone out with John Collins, and he, with some attendants, went immediately to survey the beach for Collins' boat. No such boat could, however, be found. It was evident that both the boat and its owner had put to sea, and from this circumstance, connected with her being last seen with him, Collins

was strongly suspected of having been accessory to the death of Jessie Nicholson. Whether enticing her on board and then felling her with an oar, or how the unhappy circumstance was accomplished, remained at that time a mystery, and may still remain. She was likely, however, murdered by some instrument, and then thrown rudely overboard. The evening, however, happened to be stormy, and the surf washed the body of the female ashore.

The friends of poor Jessie were now on the alert to bring Collins to account. Every boat now coming from Arran was, by judicial authority, put under arrest. Collins, however, apparently conscious of his guilt, never ventured afterwards into the harbour of Saltcoats. He heard, indeed, of what unhappy circumstances had taken place, and he was apprised also of the design of Jessie Nicholson's relatives to apprehend him, and to bring him to account, and he therefore avoided any communication with the coast of Ayrshire. This, however, happened not to be sufficient for his going at large. The circumstance became sufficiently known in Arran, and Collins was eventually

obliged to hide his head in a cave of the mountain.

One simple circumstance, which he afterwards related on his death-bed, strongly marks the presumption of his guilt, and also portrays the unfeeling construction of his heart. Collins had a sister with whom he had been wont to reside. There was a little dog, which found its home in that sister's house, and which had constantly followed Collins, when he was not actually at sea. The conscience-stricken owner of the poor dog came one evening after dark to the outside of his sister's cottage walls, most certainly to listen if any officers of justice were in the house in quest of him. While peeping in at a small window, Collins actually observed some constables. His own little dog, as if accidentally, came out, and, recognizing its master, began to fawn upon him, and even uttered a bark for joy. He pulled up the kind animal by the heels, and ruthlessly dashed out its brains on a corner of the wall! No doubt he was apprehensive lest the animal should betray him.

Banished thus from his own and his sister's home, and dreading discovery in the busy

haunts of society, Collins formed the resolution of retiring to the north-west point of Arran, and there of waiting a chance to convey him to Kintyre. He actually resided for some months in the King's Cave, so that the very recess which nearly 500 years before had concealed the renowned Bruce, proved now a covert for Collins the murderer. Meeting, however, with an opportunity of crossing into Kintyre, he embraced it, and took the way for the house of an acquaintance. Ever suspicious, however, of being known and apprehended, he crept round the walls to listen if any Ayrshire people were there. He actually heard his name repeated, and listened to the very recital of Jessie Nicholson's death. Stung now to the very soul, and apparently without one friend in the district even of strangers, the unhappy Collins determined to wander by night journeys into the south of Scotland. Leaving Arran and Ardrossan far to the right, he arrived, after many vicissitudes, at Sanquhar, on the Nith. He would have halted there, and solicited work in the collieries, but none would employ him. He then wandered by Dumfries towards Arbigland and South-

wick, and in the latter place poor Collins was at last engaged as a farm servant. Here, after debauching another female, but without murdering her, he was united in matrimony to a woman from Galloway. Owing to some larcenies, however, Collins, who had now assumed the name of Campbell, was obliged to desert from the neighbourhood of Southwick. The relatives of his wife resided in Galloway, and to the village of Dalry, in Kirkcudbrightshire, John Campbell now decamped.

Here, after working as a farm servant with the clergyman of that parish, Campbell, or Collins, adventured to commence carrier from New Galloway to Glasgow. This was rather dangerous ground at one time; but Campbell now thought what Collins had done at Ardrossan might fairly be forgotten. For the first two journeys he received no material molestation, although a carrier from Saltcoats to Kilmarnock had eyed him minutely. On the second time he was at Glasgow, he ventured to write to his sister in Arran, to let her know what he was now engaged in. On the third return from the Clyde, Campbell received at Kilmarnock a letter from his sister, dissuading

him, in the most urgent terms, not to venture through Ayrshire any more, as all the circumstances connected with Jessie Nicholson's death, were quite fresh in every one's memory; and that she heard a brother of Jessie's was preparing to apprehend him as soon as possible at either Glasgow or Kilmarnock.

This communication drew despondence to the inmost soul of the unfortunate carrier; to add to his misery, his wife had died during his last journey. But the dread of being apprehended and executed now hung heavy on his heart. Overcome with horror and anguish, he betook himself to his bed. He sometimes looked wild, and uttered most desponding sentiments. To none but one man, however, did he unburthen his soul. That man was likewise a Highlander, and had paid Campbell close attendance since he laid himself down in pain. On the evening previous to Campbell's death, the unhappy man called his companion close to his bedside, and confessed his horrid situation. He owned himself the murderer of Jessie Nicholson—said he was certain of being apprehended if ever he went back to Ayrshire or Glasgow, and that his life was now a curse

to him. Campbell requested his comrade not to divulge this till after he was dead; "for," said the miserable man, "I shall not live long." The next day was the Sabbath, and the anniversary of the very day on which the injured Jessie Nicholson disappeared. A little after noon Campbell was heard to groan; and on his emitting two or three very deep sighs soon after, some person lifted the bed-clothes, which he had thrown over his head. But, God of Justice! what did that person behold? Campbell lay pale and lifeless, and his body most shockingly mangled. The bed-clothes were soaked in blood, and two or three terrible gashes had disfigured different parts of his body. A large gardener's knife was clotted with gore in his hand, and not a drop of blood seemed remaining in his veins. That very knife Campbell had found in the street of Tarbolton when he last returned from Glasgow.

Such was the exit of a murderer. The children which his wife had brought him were now thrown on the charity of the parish where he died; and his mangled clay, without shirt or winding-sheet, was wrapt, all

bloody, in a coarse sail-cloth, and instantly inhumed on the outside of the parish burying-ground, nigh to which he had died. Such, in one real instance, was the march and the manhood of guilt; and that retribution which Heaven owed to the seducer and the assassin of the injured Jessie Nicholson, was left, by a terrible dereliction, to be executed by the hand of the seducer himself.

THE ORIGIN OF LOCH KATRINE.

HUNDREDS and thousands have gone to visit Loch Katrine and its romantic environs, who know not the Highland tradition regarding the origin of that celebrated lake.

A respectable clergyman travelling from the loch, and enquiring of Celtic traditions among the ancient Highlanders in the vicinity of Glengyle, obtained the following tradition from an old highland crone:—

In ancient times the valley which is now filled by the waters of Loch Katrine, was

studded by the hamlets of a wise and virtuous race. They were shepherds or foresters, and gave offence to none, but to a malicious demon who inhabited a cave on Ben Venue. This detested neighbour often wished to destroy or do bad offices to the virtuous race beneath him. For a long time he laboured in vain, but at length succeeded but too well in his malignant exploit. There was a sacred and capacious fountain on the side of Ben Venue, which the simple villagers had long guarded for their own use. They had committed the care of it to a maiden named Katrine, who was to watch it, at least, at night, that no wild animal should pollute it. The demon had often attempted to seduce the maiden from her vigilance; but had hitherto attempted in vain. One evening, however, having taken the shape of a handsome young highlander, dressed in the highland costume, he brought her a bowl filled with mountain berries, and persuaded her to eat them for her evening repast. He at length succeeded, and owing to some soporiferous mixture which he had purposely infused, the maiden was overcome, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

He then cut all the sluices of the well, and let it flow rapidly into the valley beneath. It being now night, and the villagers asleep under the wing of thick darkness, they were mostly drowned ere they could extricate themselves from the flood at daybreak. The crone added, that ever since that time the valley had remained filled with water; and she pointed out, in different parts near the banks of the lake, but under water, what she accounted the vestiges of the village, which had been overwhelmed. She added that the demon had yet a cave by the side of the lake, which was named the Cave of the Goblin, or the Den of the Ghost, and that at nightfall he was often heard to utter yells of malicious joy, which some of the natives mistook for the screams of the eagle.

The Celtic cicerone further narrated, that the maiden, on the evening of the following day, and viewing the catastrophe which had been occasioned by her want of vigilance, threw herself in despondency into the waters beneath, which, in the allusion to her name, has ever since borne the name of Loch Katrine.

This strange tradition bears a strong re-

semblance to another ascribed to Ossian, regarding the foundation of Loch Awe in the west of Argyleshire. "Bera the aged dwelt in the cave of the rock. She was the daughter of Griannan the sage. Long was the line of her fathers, and she was the last of her race. Large and fertile were her possessions; her's the beautiful vales below; and her's the cattle which roamed on the hills around. To Bera was committed the charge of that awful spring, which by the appointment of fate was to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers, and her father's race. Before the sun should withdraw his beams she was to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night this was forgot by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the heat and chase of the day, she was seized with sleep before the usual hour of rest. The confined waters of the mountain burst forth in the plain below, and covered the large expanse, now known by the lake of Awe. The third morning Bera awaked from her sleep. She went to remove the stone from the spring; but, behold! no stone was there. She looked to the inheritance of her tribe!

She shrieked. The mountain shook from its base; her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their light airy halls."

Out of fifty Highland traditions, which the present writer could produce to the public, this one only, of the kind, is put forth as a sample. It is, indeed, woven in the gossamer loom of Ossianic fancy; but many Celtic traditions of the ancient days have the same sort of kaleidoscope woof. The Fingal of Ossian, however, is scarcely less fictitious than the Douglas exile of Loch Katrine, and the fair Ellen is as little established in history as the Malvian of Oscar. In the description, however, of Highland scenery, the bard of Cona and the minstrel of the Tweed seemed to be alike equally gifted. The towers of Selma and the towers of Snowdown are sketched alike by a wizard hand;—and the descriptions of Ben Venue and the minstrels of the Trossachs seem equally powerful with the Ossianic allusions to the mountains of Morven and the hills of the mist.

This volume was begun by a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. May we presume to close these traditions with—

FUNERAL SONG—AT THE GRAVE OF OSSIAN.

AIR—*Loch-na-gaur.*

I.

Is this, then, the spot, where the hero reposes—
The fam'd voice of Cona, the son of Fingal?
O! strew all around the most rare highland roses;
And shades of the mighty, descend from your hall!
O, far flit ye manes, all mean or domestic:
With musings of glory, I'll wed me alone;
For see! the sered bones of the minstrel majestic,
Are turn'd to yon sun, from the coffin of stone!

II.

O, ne'er have I strayed to yon tomb o' fam'd Maro,
All marbled and ivied on Italy's shore:
But greet me—thou grave of Fingalian hero!
Which thousands have sighed for, to witness no more.
And purple, ye clouds, on the Lawer's wild mountain,
And crown ye with laurel, old Selma's grey towers,
And flow to yon lake-side, thou Cruach's fam'd fountain,
And bloom by the Cona, ye sweet Celtic flowers!

III.

O, mark! on yon mountains the dark tempest gathers,
To rush, like old Fingal, a-down each green vale;
O, hark! from yon cloud-folds, the voice of our fathers!
The chorus of glory swells high on the gale.
"Sweet Ossian, brave Oscar," so seems their bold voices—
"The son and the sire were denied to have been:
Now, is there a Scot or a Celt but rejoices,
That the grave and the bones, and the songs have
been seen?"

IV.

Ye shades of the dead! on the snow-cloud reposing,
Revisit the bones 'neath the moss-crusted cairn;
Ye ghosts of the minstrels, when moonbeam is closing,
Descend to the coffin all cover'd with fern.
When the winds of the desert round Cruach are howling,
Ye manes of Morven repair from afar;
And even when the night-swell round Almond is scowling,
Approach Byron's shade from the dark Loch-na-gaur.

With regard to the famous fountain on Ben Cruach, or Cruachan, the following tradition still obtains in the Highlands of Morven, viz.:—That the spring on the summit was to have been constantly covered at night with a stone, on which was engraven many magical and mysterious characters; that the keeper neglected at one time to do this, and that, in consequence, the fountain overflowed; the confined waters of the mountain rushed into the southern plain, and formed Loch Awe. This tale is yet attributed to Ossian.

The grave of Ossian is nigh Glen-Almond, in the parish of Monzie, in Perthshire.

MSS. AND FRAGMENTS

RELATIVE TO

TARSHISH.

"Pass ye over into Tarshish; howl, ye inhabitants of the isle."—Isaiah xxiii. 6.

"For the King Solomon had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram. Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks."—1 Kings x. 22.

"Silver, spread into plates, is brought from Tarshish, and the gold of Uphaz is the god of its concubines. Blue and purple is their clothing: and all the sinecures of the land are work of cunning men."—Jeremiah x. 9.

"Pass through thy land as a river, O daughter of Tarshish. Alas! thy virtue hath no more strength."—Isaiah xxiii. 10.

"Howl! ye ships of Tarshish! Be still, ye inhabitants of its isle. Ye whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have often replenished."—Isaiah xxiii. 2.

PREAMBLE.

WILL some deem it strange that these MSS. of Tarshish have never appeared formerly? Let them remember that many

MSS. lay buried in Herculaneum and Pompeii from the days of Pliny the elder until the days of Sir Humphrey Davy; that the Poems of Ossian never were printed till the eighteenth century; and that even but yesterday, the Hawthornden MSS. were discovered in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. Yet even these last throw light on the contemporaries of the poet and historian Drummond.

Will it be wondered at by what means the present collator or translator found access to these MSS. of Tarshish? But how did Macpherson find the Gaelic originals of Ossian? How was Dean Swift favoured with the Gulliver MS. relative to Lilliput and to Brobdignag? and, but very lately, by whose means did Sir Walter Scott obtain all the legendary episodes illustrative of Waverley, Mannering, Montrose, the Jewess, Jeanie Deans, and of Peveril and the Pirate?

That Tarshish lent its name to many isles; that it produced many apes and peacocks, and that it sent forth many ships and merchants, may easily be gathered from the sacred writings. Should there be many who may think that several of the following MSS.

and Fragments do bear a strong resemblance to many facts in the past and present state of Britain, why, then, who shall gag men's judgments in these matters? Who shall dare to fetter such surmisings? If simony and sinecures now abound as much in England as apes and peacocks once abounded in Tarshish, surely this is an evil most deeply to be deprecated. But if, by any worthy means whatever, corruption can be curtailed in Albion, as the MSS. record it to have been done in Tarshish, can there be an object in the universe more devoutly to be wished? Whoever shall effectively retard the crash of Empire, must move most glorious in the eye of Heaven, though all the sea kings of England should sleep in shrouds, or all the peacock kings of Tarshish should sleep with their feathers.

THE SANHEDRIM MANUSCRIPT OF TARSHISH.

[About the second week of July, 1832, the following MS. was found among the archives of the British House of Commons. It was probably dropped in the lobby by some traveller from Tarshish, and lifted, as a curious fragment, by some friend of reform.]

CHAP. I.

AMONG the Isles of Tarshish, in the east, there had arisen a great and powerful nation, who had even possessions in the land of Shem, and among the offspring of the wicked Ham.

2. And this nation claimed kindred with the Tyrians and with the Hebrews, who traded in the days of Solomon.

3. And the people of these Isles had, of a long time, been blessed with the message of the Most High, and had all been instructed by the prophets of Heaven.

4. But in process of time, through the devices of Satan, their own great prosperity, and the subtleties of wicked men, a great corruption had prevailed in that nation.

5. And even the rulers and the councillors

of the kingdom began to put evil for good, and good for evil; light for darkness, and darkness for light.

6. And even the bishops and priests of the land were given to lucre; and they bowed the knee to the king that created them, and not to the Most High, in whose hands are all the treasures of truth.

7. And the king of the Isles became possessed of two wives, and of many concubines, and he built many palaces and pavilions, and he drove many chariots, and he rode upon many horses.

8. And the expenses of his household were far beyond any king of Tarshish that had ever yet gone before him.

9. And the nobles, and the judges, and the elders, and all the young men of the land, strove to keep their concubines, and their chariots, and their horses, and their proud pavilions, like unto the king.

Chap. II.

NOW for many hundred years there had been in that land a Sanhedrim, or Great Assembly, which met at yearly periods, so

as to regulate the affairs of the Islands of Tarshish.

2. And many of the nobles and bishops had seats in the Sanhedrim as their right; but the deputies who sat in the lower hall of this assembly, were wont, and by law, to be chosen from among the people.

3. And the people had a charter from a Tarshish king in the days of old, that they should choose their own deputies, who were to sit in the lower hall; and who were specially bound, even by oath, to consult the best interests of those who chose them.

4. And the nobles were forbid to meddle in these elections of the people, or to overrule them, or to sell seats unto any deputies whatever, or to ride upon any deputies like unto asses.

5. But, in process of time, the nobles did intermeddle in these elections, and did their utmost to overrule them, and did ride upon the deputies like asses; yea, and many deputies consented to be saddled, whereupon these nobles might ride.

6. And, moreover, many of these nobles were poor, and wanted large salaries wherewith to support their pride and pavilions.

7. And the deputies to whom they had sold their seats sat up late, and sweated hard, and made anise and cumin, like unto justice and mercy, so that they might make gain unto these needy nobles.

8. Yea, and women also, the wives and daughters of these nobles of Tarshish, came to be pensioned from the taxes of the men of the Isles.

9. And the king, the prince of many pavilions, always got money on his asking, wherewith to furnish new palaces or to maintain old concubines; and lo! these askings were very great.

10. Besides, there was a great captain who had got many victories abroad, but not for the profit of the men of Tarshish, to whom the Sanhedrim of the Isles gifted great estates and sumptuous palaces, and sumptuous salaries, and sounding titles.

11. And the ambassadors of Tarshish, when sent abroad, had many talents of gold given to them for their living; yea, and very many talents of silver for their outfits; so that the men of Tarshish groaned under these ambassadors.

12. And the judges of the land, likewise, had their incomes doubled and trebled, for they too must be clothed in ermine and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.

Chap. III.

AND in process of time, the prince of pavilions died; and his brother, a seaman of Tarshish, succeeded in his stead.

2. And while yet a young man, he had taken a concubine from the banks of the Jordan; and he loved her; and she bore many children unto him, both male and female.

3. And when the concubine died, he married a Queen from the kingdom of Hyrcynia; and this princess was well esteemed.

4. Now, the princes and princesses of Hyrcynia had sat upon the throne, or dwelt in the pavilion of Tarshish for many years.

5. And when the seaman king came to the throne of Tarshish, he seemed willing to reform the many abuses which, for a long time, had corrupted and spoiled the nation.

6. And he dismissed the great captain who had been chief chamberlain to his brother; and he chose unto himself a man Grey with

years and with wisdom, yea, a man who of a long time had been a favourite with the people of Tarshish.

7. And the man who was grey in worth and in wisdom, chose unto himself other wise and steady men, by whose assistance he was determined to accomplish a reform.

8. Now, it was resolved that the nobles should no more ride upon the men of the lower Sanhedrim, as Balaam rode upon his ass, until that dumb animal was compelled to turn round and speak with reproof to its unheavenly rider.

9. And it was resolved, that the faithful watchmen, who daily watched for the people of Tarshish, should no longer be turned into dumb dogs, or gaped to scorn by the spaniels who wagged their tails for the bread and the fish which fell from the great men's tables.

10. And it was also resolved, that no more calves, or asses, or foxes, or sharks, should ever again be elected to sit in the Sanhedrim, but that the people should be free to choose deputies who could speak the truth in the face of all the Jordanites, jugglers, and pavilion-makers in Tarshish.

11. For lo! the children of the land had for

many years been so oppressed by the royal and noble lovers of concubines, and by the maintenance of the bastards that issued therefrom, that they were determined that no royal bastard should triumph at the public expense.

Chap. IV.

BUT it came to pass, that when the upper house of the Sanhedrim refused to confirm the act of reform, which had been so fully sanctioned by the lower house, that the man Grey in worth and in wisdom resigned his place, because he said, "My King will not abide by me, nor confirm his pledges."

2. And lo! the seaman King did refuse to confirm his pledge to the men of Tarshish, and to do what the man Grey with years desired.

3. For the sailor King hearkened unto his Hyrcynian house, or to his Jordanite children, or to the great captain of his host, and refused to do that which would have finished the work.

4. And there arose much alarm, and much anger, and the men of Tarshish said one to another, "Trust not in princes."

5. And they cursed also the bastards of the

concubine of the Jordan; for they said, Have not the bastards of even Stewards been great among us?

6. And the people lifted the banner of discontent; and the King repented; and he took to his council again the man Grey with wisdom.

7. And the great captain was set at nought, and a peal of anger was heard against another great man, who wished to be in office.

8. And the people cried aloud, we must be reformed; and the King sighed in silence, and said, it must even be so.

9. But he went not to the Sanhedrim in person; nor sanctioned what the millions of Tarshish had so earnestly desired.

. . . . . .

12. Yet, in process of time, the matter was brought to a happy conclusion; for the great lord of the high priests was compelled, and a new Sanhedrim was chosen.

13. And that Sanhedrim met; and several good things were proposed; howbeit, the silly homage which had so long wont to be paid to idleness and imbecility in high places, was

not powerfully taken away; for some said, Nay; but let nothingness still be rewarded, because it hath been rewarded so long.

THE APES AND PEACOCKS OF TARSHISH.

CHAP. I.

IT is recorded in the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah, that Solomon was wont to bring apes and peacocks from Tarshish frequently to Jerusalem.

2. Now, among other productions, and beside the gold, and silver, and ivory, with which Tarshish abounded, the breed of apes and of peacocks was quite remarkable.

3. Of a long season it had been the custom that apes and peacocks swarmed in courts and palaces and pavilions of Tarshish, and were often more welcome there than men and women having hearts and souls.

4. Nay, it had come to pass, that great councillors, and great captains, and even high priests, sometimes took apes and peacocks into

keeping, and were fond of them, and settled incomes upon them, and loved them much.

5. But, lo! it came at last to pass, that the apes and peacocks imagined themselves able to sit in the Sanhedrim, to act as ministers of state, and even to fill the very throne of the ancient kings of Tarshish. Nay, even so far did the matter go, that apes were created nobles, and some of the demurest among them were consecrated to be bishops.

6. This was long after the days of Solomon, for Solomon would have disdained to have exported royal apes, and Sanhedrim apes, and priestly apes, to mix with the chosen of the Most High at Jerusalem.

7. Neither would king Solomon have sitten at his royal table with the Queen Sheba on one hand, and with Tarshish on the other.

8. Neither would he have decked apes with the solemn vestments of Aaron, in order that they might minister in the temple.

9. But the king brought them in his fleets from Tarshish, that they might sometimes skip about the tower of Lebanon, or play their pranks before Pharaoh's daughter, and his Amorite concubines.

Chap. II.

BUT, alas! it came to pass that apes were invested with nobility, and sat with their tails scarcely hidden under ermine robes, in the upper hall of the Sanhedrim of Tarshish.

2. And these strange nobles would try to mimic the serious airs and Sanhedrim gestures of the ancient true nobles of Tarshish.

3. And they wished to have large incomes to themselves, and the better to accomplish this, they joined together, and got seats in the lower hall of Sanhedrim for apes of a lesser kind, and of a truckling sort.

4. And the matter succeeded; and many little truckling apes obtained seats in the lower Sanhedrim.

5. And the deputies, yea, the elder and wiser deputies, men having souls, were much amazed to see things having no souls thrust in among them; yea, and pretending to decide upon the fate of millions, whose welfare was entrusted to them.

6. But the apes chattered very much and hid their tails as well as they could, although these could not be concealed.

7. And they sometimes chattered very loud, and they looked very grave, and affected to become very wise.

8. And they always flocked together, and voted in large numbers, when any salary was sought for any noble ape.

9. But they grinned most maliciously against any of the ancient deputies who spoke about reform, or who proposed any reduction of the public expenditure.

10. Yet, they frisked and chattered most remarkably when the king was voted a new pavilion; when the king's brother was to have ten talents of gold for doing nothing; or when new hatching halls were to be built for the king's concubines.

11. Yea, and they gamboled much when superb pigeon-houses were to be contracted for, on account of prolific peacocks; and peacocks began to abound very fast in Tarshish.

Chap. III.

NOW, it came to pass that it seemed a fit thing how that a peacock might become the king of Tarshish.

2. This peacock had worn many feathers in

his youth, and he was fond of feathers, and pomp, and pavilions all his life-time.

3. Nay, he seemed to be made only for show and for parade; for if he got plenty of stars, and purple, and palaces, and female peacocks, he cared not for taxing the people of Tarshish.

4. And he seldom went in person to address the Sanhedrim. And he never bade them care for the weal of the nations.

5. And he set morality and right too frequently at defiance; for he cared for no man, but his own selfish indulgence.

6. Yea, and like Solomon, he had more wives than one; but she, whom he should have loved like to Pharaoh's daughter, even she, did he spurn and separate from, and persecute.

7. But, moreover, he was fond of other men's wives and concubines, for he kept other men's wives to wait upon him in his pavilions.

8. And he prided himself greatly in spreading out his vestments of purple and green, and his train of stars and mock diamonds, although beneath these robes lurked often grief and pain.

9. Moreover, he was very fond of apes; especially when they chattered out flattery; or

chattered against his Queen; or made solemn faces at the instalment of baths and garters.

10. But all his own stars and feathers, and all the feathers of his favourites came to an end.

11. For not all his pagodas, not all his palaces, not all his female peacocks, not all his ribboned apes, not all his chattering panders could keep him from death.

12. So he died, and slept with his feathers; and a thousand monkeys seemed blubbering around his grave!

Chap. IV.

BUT the example and extravagance of a peacock king did very much evil among the nobles of Tarshish.

2. For no virtuous woman who had a soul, would go nigh to a court of a bigamist peacock sovereign.

3. And the nobles, and the knights, and the elders of Tarshish, would often have two wives, or a wife, with whom they lived not, and three or four concubines each.

4. Nay, even the bleachers of linen, and diggers of ditches, and eaters of wafers, in a

certain green island, which belonged to the peacock king, would also have two wives a-piece; yea, and some of them had four.

5. And when these ditcher apes of a great king drove away some of their wives, and when these wives and their apish brats wandered into some neighbouring land, then would some Levites of that land capture the monkey-looking things; yea, and would saddle the sober men of Tarshish with the maintenance of the stray product of incestuous or bigamist embraces!

6. And these secondary wives and cast-away concubines of the ditchers and wafer-chewers would wipe their mouths, when they could fill them, and cry, Why, what evil have we done? Are there not many married among the princes and the nobles of Tarshish, where concubines are put in place of the wife? Yea, and are not the children of such often maintained by the taxes of the country? We are only aping the great.

7. And the diggers of ditches, the adorers of wafers, and the robbers of barns and of orchards, said one to another,—We must live; and if the sons of senators and of nobles, yea, and sometimes of princes, enjoy great sinecures,

what other is this than robbing the orchards of Tarshish? Shall the servant, then be greater than his lord?

. . . . . .

10. So it came to pass that the good men of Tarshish had their eyes opened; and their hearts were knit in strength; and they said, Nay, but of a truth, the great joined together to murder morality, and then dig its grave, and at length bury it, as the Jews of old slew and buried their prophets.

11. And if a city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid, so the millions in Tarshish that are in humble station, will ape the manners of princes and nobles and soon have no morality more than the locusts, the rats, and the peacocks.

12. And it came to pass that some nobles and senators, seeing this, determined to redeem their station, and to act not as fools, but as wise men.

13. So they went and did so, and their example was like ointment poured forth; for behold! it possessed both the balm and the odours.

THE OTTERS OF TARSHISH.

NOW, it came to pass, that besides the apes, the peacocks, and the locusts, with which Tarshish had long abounded, a destructive breed of otters came also very much to abound.

2. And, lo! these little hairy robbers bred exceedingly among the rivers, and ponds, and slimy lakes of Tarshish, yea, in so much, that they destroyed the wholesome fish almost altogether.

3. Nay, they became so cunning and courageous, that they began to destroy, not only the fishes, but the loaves, over all the land.

4. And they wrought very covertly, as well as cunningly; for these wily and wicked animals multiplied and masticated under ground, where many wise and good men suspected that they were not, or could find any plunder.

5. Now, moreover, these creatures had no souls; yet they had salaries from the titled apes and peacocks; because they frequently catered under ground for the profit of these more open animals.

6. Nay, some of them took office, and

worried all the tax-paying lieges of Tarshish that they could lay their teeth upon.

. . . . . .

8. Now, at length, the men of Tarshish, who had borne long, resolved to search for, and to hunt these destructive otters from their loamy pools and their dark retreats; yea, and to destroy them utterly.

9. And an host of honest men combined and

. . . . . .

11. So the under-ground vermin became fewer.

THE SPANIELS OF TARSHISH.

Chap. I.

AND in Tarshish there were also certain beings who seemed always smiling, always crouching, and always collared.

2. For these creatures had often around their necks a ring, which could show unto what noble or great man they belonged.

3. And, moreover, they were named spaniels,

which, in the language of Tarshish, signifieth animals who must lick the shoes of their masters.

4. And, indeed, they seemed like unto four-footed beasts; for they would oftentime fall down upon their hands and knees as if kneeling, when a prince or man in office spoke to them, or appeared before them.

5. Moreover, these creatures had tails, too, which they wagged very devoutly whenever they approached unto a titled ape or butterfly.

6. Nay, these poor animals have been seen crouching flat upon the ground even before a rat or a peacock who was in office, or who had gold upon it.

7. Now, it appeared, that these creatures had indeed no souls, because no animal that either creepeth or croucheth upon the ground, or that hath a large tail, can possibly have an immortal soul within him.

Chap. II.

YET, nevertheless, some of these creatures by their suppleness, silliness, and crouching to the ground, found favour with some princes of Tarshish.

2. And if at any time they had offended these princes, so that the princes struck them, then would these spaniels crouch and fawn the more for having been well beaten.

3. Moreover, if a prince of Tarshish wanted a hothouse to be built for his horses, or a glasshouse to be built for his concubines, or a palace to be built for no purpose at all, then would he always find some of these spaniels to execute his will.

4. Yea, and when a prince wanted to exchange an old strumpet for a new one, or to send his wife to travel in foreign lands, or when he wanted a new altar for his god FUM, then would the spaniels crouch in the dust, and wag their tails, and accomplish all these matters for him.

. . . . . .

6. But although few of the peacocks of Tarshish got forward to be bishops, yet, strange to tell, one or two, or three of these spaniels came to be advanced to sacerdotal seats.

7. And when sitting in the Sanhedrim among the titled apes, and peacocks, and spaniels of the land, their old habits of crouching and of fawning still remained with them.

8. But, strange to tell! these spaniels, even these reverend spaniels, would sometimes suffer themselves to be ridden upon, yea, and spurred by the apes and peacocks.

9. And whenever the kings of Tarshish chose to ride upon these spaniels—the silly things, whether coiled or coroneted, would suffer themselves not only to be spurned, but stricken to the ground.

10. Yea, and they would turn about and lick the hand that struck them, and the spur that goaded them.

11. And alas! how could a land thrive where the senators, the nobles, or any of the bishops were spaniels?

THE DOVES AND CAMELS OF TARSHISH.

Chap. I.

NOW, besides a large breed of apes and of peacocks, there also existed in Tarshish, especially in the northern part of it, a rising breed of doves and of camels.

2. And these doves, like the doves in other

countries, were of a long time innocent and sober creatures, like unto the doves around Jordan.

3. But in process of time, when every corruption and false prodigy prevailed in Tarshish, that the doves became corrupted and altered also.

4. For, in the latter days, these kinds of fowls imagined that they might become Levites, and so preach in the temples of Tarshish.

5. And some of them did become Levites; and they even settled in the synagogues and temples of Tarshish, and they cooed to the people exceedingly.

6. But, in a short time, they became bewildered and heated in their imaginations, and even began to speak in strange unknown tongues.

7. And they chirped strange chirpings, and they cooed strange cooings, yea, and they affrighted the synagogues most exceedingly.

8. And they taught strange doctrines, too unearthly to be heavenly, or far too heavenly to be solid and true.

9. Yea, and they got camels to join with them, to father them, and to feather them in their well-mossed nests.

10. For, very strange to tell! even the camels of Tarshish, who for many centuries had been remarkable for being patient of hunger, patient of thirst, and patient of fatigue, now became impatient of being camels at all; but would be Levites or Chamberlains.

11. And some of them did, in truth, become Levites, and they saw visions and dreamed dreams, and performed miraculous cures.

Chap. II.

NOW, some of the camels of Tarshish also became factors and agents for great men, and they bore the burdens of mammon with great assiduity and patience.

2. But they became tired at length of acting like men, and they began to break their promises, to prove that they had no souls, and to bray out nonsense, and to run backward like to asses.

3. And they brayed at the great man's tenants, and they kicked against them, and they lashed the poor with their long tails.

4. And they ceased to act like unto camels, or dromedaries, for in their fury they plunged into bogs and morasses; yea, and they stuck

fast, and brayed loud among the heaths and the mosses, until many wise and sober men began to think that these camels were deranged with Kenite wine, or with very strong drink.

5. Yea, and they took some of the Kenite calves to become their under agents; and the drunken camels and Kenite calves thought they were acting like unto great men, who bore great souls.

6. And these camels and calves also pranced against the stone walls, and tumbled into ditches, around which there were no stone fences.

7. And the Kenite calves, and the ass-like camels brayed, and bo—ed, and baubled so much, that wise men who really had souls, began to think that the old serpent the devil had crept into the camels and the calves!

8. And men of worth and discretion said, Can the lords and the great ones of the land not manage their own estates, without committing them to a swarm of locusts, and camels, and calves, who plainly have no souls? Are all the agents in Tarshish to become indeed camels, and calves, and vultures, and vampires?

9. And the men of manly spirit cried, Let

us now drive the doves to their windows, and the camels to their mossy lairs, and the calves to their Kenite stalls, and let us ask great men, if so be that they cannot act without many managers, that they henceforth employ men who have souls in their bodies, and men who will also care for the welfare of their fellow-rationals; for what, indeed, are calves, and camels, and asses to be accounted of?

10. So the men of Tarshish arose, and did accordingly.

SCRIBES AND LAWYERS OF TARSHISH.

Chap. I.

NOW in Tarshish, as in other countries, there were of a long time Scribes and Lawyers, who conducted business before the Supreme and Inferior Courts in Tarshish.

2. And these men, at first, were few in number, and were oftentimes good men, who feared the Most High, and were upright among their fellow subjects, and withal very moderate in their charges.

3. But it came to pass, that when apes and peacocks began to swarm in Tarshish, and to fill offices which should have been filled by men, that a strange kind of creatures also began to mix with scribes and lawyers.

4. And those beings, although they assumed the habiliments of men who had souls, were yet of such appearances and doings, as to make it doubtful whether they had any souls or not, because, of a truth, they had no virtue.

5. For some had the face of calves, and some had the figure of asses, and some had the twist of serpents, and many had the beak and the boundless rapacity of vultures and of vampires.

6. Nevertheless, the number and the practice of these very strange agents daily increased; nay, and some of them seem to be noticed, and even to be beloved by the ape-headed judges who now began to fill the inferior benches of Tarshish.

Chap. II.

NOW the calf-scribes of Tarshish, when conducting cases before a judge, would bellow and prance, and geck their noses very

much, but they seldom showed much knowledge of the law, though they were stupidly impudent, and displayed much fondness for money.

2. The asses, however, did more mischief, for, although they showed almost as little sterling knowledge of rational law as the calves did, yet they, being naturally covered with a coarse kind of ermine, seemed to think themselves more akin to the sinecure judges of Tarshish.

3. So they held out their long jaws, and standing upon their hind legs, brayed most profoundly; sometimes, as if on purpose to confound the judge, and more often to confound all the difference which the Most High had ever fixed between right and wrong—between truth and falsehood.

4. Yea, and sometimes they ran backward and kicked most furiously against their clients, whenever these clients refused or demurred to lavish out double fees, which these asinine agents of Tarshish very frequently demanded.

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6. Now a third kind of lawyers in Tarshish had often the faces, and still oftener the hearts

and cunning of snakes; and behold! they had forked tongues.

7. They were not, however, rattlesnakes; for although their bite was terrible, and their poison destructive, yet they gave no warning of their evil intention, but crept softly and slowly towards the hearts of such as they had marked for ruin, even like unto doves.

8. Such were the snakes of old, that seemed to be frozen, until warmed in the bosoms of those who wished to help them; but when they had gained confidence, turned round and stung their unsuspecting preservers, even to the inmost soul!

9. And these legal snakes would sneak themselves into the houses and hearts of some who did not want them; and would twine about, and twine about, until they twined away the purses and the patrimony of such purblind providers, and then they would deny the receipt of letters which had been duly sent, and would double their first charges; and would charge double interest upon accompts that had never been rendered.

10. And when the people of Tarshish refused to pay them such unjust and unwarranted

charges, these snakes would coil themselves, and spit poison at both judge and clients.

11. Now when such snakes coupled themselves with the two-legged butterflies of Tarshish, and had progeny, what wonder if such issue was idiot and ugly; and shewing doubtful signs whether they had souls or not?

Chap. III.

AND it also came to pass, that many of the lawyers of Tarshish were either vampires, or had the appearance of vampires, or eastern vultures.

2. And these vampires had long wings, somewhat like unto gowns, and moreover, they had also very large and long beaks.

3. Now they flapped their wings very much at times, as if they meant to raise a terrible dust; and moreover they sometimes succeeded in raising a mighty dust.

4. And they thus wished to blind the eyes of men, and did sometimes blind even the eyes of good men who had souls.

5. So, when the blinded men had suffered, even that men knew not what they were doing for dust, these vulture lawyers would put forth

their long bills, and wound deeply the best men in Tarshish, ever and anon flapping their dusty and destructive wings in the faces of their employers.

6. Nay, they would first blind and confound a man, and then suck out his very heart's blood!

7. Yet these vampires were sometimes high in office in Tarshish, and would even obtain appointments as judges, and would actually thrust themselves into the Sanhedrim.

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8. But the people of Tarshish grew at last exceedingly tired of such kind of agents and advocates among their courts of law and of equity.

9. And the cry arose, and men having souls said one to another, Why, indeed, should apes, and peacocks, and butterflies, possess so much influence in our palaces and Sanhedrims? And, moreover, why should calves, and asses, and snakes, and vampires, usurp the practice of our law courts? Yea, and be superabundantly paid for blinding us, and for robbing us?

THE PHARISEES OF TARSHISH.

CHAP. I.

NOW, besides the apes, the asses, the peacocks, and the spaniels, which so strangely multiplied in Tarshish, there were also a swarm of more spiritual animals, very like unto the Pharisees of old, that screwed up their faces in Palestine.

2. Like unto those who so bitterly withstood the Messiah, the more modern Pharisees of Tarshish made exceedingly long prayers in their synagogues, devoured their neighbours' grass fields, and then, as if to make amends, skirled unearthly and unheavenly psalms among their initiated kindred.

3. It was, however, remarked that before sitting down to their midnight orisons, some of the most zealous would send their servants or children to a hay-stack not their own, and largely supply their own cattle from the provender of some unsuspecting neighbours.

4. This, however, they attempted to cancel, by whispering to their dreamy consciences, that it was by faith alone that they could ever enter into the land of Emmanuel.

5. It was likewise remarked of these Pharisees of Tarshish, that when upbraided for any of their immoral doings, they would stamp, and swear, and curse, even worse than any Sadducees.

6. Yea, and some of them would keep false weights, and would weigh out their merchandise with a light weight to the young and the simple, but would have a just weight wherewith they would dispose of their goods to the wise and the wary.

Chap. II.

NOW, when some of these Pharisees broke their promises, or would not abide by their written obligation, there existed a necessity for citing them before the court of justice in Tarshish.

2. And when they were hauled there, they would use every trick, and twining, and falsehood, so as to get rid of moral obligation; even the old serpent the devil never twisted more meanly.

3. And if any Levite magistrate presided, these poisonous Pharisees would most likely gain their purpose.

4. For it came to pass that on the land of Tarshish, there were several of the sons of Levi who had become magistrates and judges.

5. Yet would these Levites sometimes be like unto the calf which was formed by their ancestor Aaron, and be as deaf to the Law-giver on the summit of Sinai, as was the High Priest and his calf at the foot of the mount.

6. For the Pharisees now bound themselves by repeated handwriting, to pay certain debts, then would the Levite judge stand up and say, Thou art not bound.

7. And when some discreet man of Tarshish would say, Lo! the moral law of Heaven is universal, then would the Levite judge arise and cry, Nay, it is not so, for verily yon heath and mossy rill, and cairns of stones, absolutely forbid the law of the Most High to travel any farther westward. His law and voice can only be heard among the Kenite calves.

8. Now, verily, it were well indeed, if the law of Jehovah was always powerful among the Kenites, the descendants of Jethro, and among the millstone-souled Pharisees of Tarshish.

9. But of a truth, the mint, anise, and

cumin, began to be preferred, yea, very much preferred to the truth, justice and righteousness, which not only through all Tarshish, but over all the world, is the most acceptable to the Divinity.

10. But the miller from behind the mill, in Tarshish, soon seemed to account of the Messiah's morality as he would regard the dirty dust of his mill floor; and the law of the Most High, which ought to be a horn of strength unto men of all sects, now appeared to be only as a straw horn, or as a blade of grass, yea as a blade of grass which had been thievishly torn from the field of a maltreated neighbour.

THE SINECURES OF TARSHISH.

CHAP. I.

NOW there was a time in Tarshish, when many, like Cincinnatus of old, served their country and sought no salaries whatever.

2. And even when public men did begin to get salaries, these salaries were exceedingly

small, and the duties always personally performed.

3. But it came to pass that in the latter days, though they had not half the talent, half the spirit, and half the virtue of Moses, of Samuel, and of Joshua, that public men began to have ten talents of gold, yea, twenty talents of gold for doing no public duty at all.

4. And it was counted a wise and beautiful, and a benevolent thing to do all this, even while the treasury of Tarshish was exhausted, and while the country groaned under eight hundred million pounds of silver, in an unredeemable debt.

5. Nay, even the king of Tarshish had bestowed upon him more than three hundred and thirty talents of gold, which he always spent, and often found it far too little, yea too little.

6. Yet between the purchasing and the maintenance of peacocks and apes, and asses, and the building and furnishing of palaces, pavilions and pagodas, and the grooms and glasshouses, and gondolas, of useless horses, and the education, dowry and marriage of young apes and of royal bastards, the king of Tarshish became very frequently embarrassed.

7. But this was not all; for many of the nobles and even the commoners of the Sandedrim of Tarshish had gifted to him great salaries only because they grew expert in the breed and management of apes.

8. Yea, and some female peacocks, who were akin to the nobles, sometimes got talents of gold bestowed upon them because they were so allied, and not because these fluttering things did any duty for such gifts; for how indeed could birds of such flaunting feathers benefit the state of Tarshish?

9. Nay, to such a height did the arrogance of these receivers of sinecures go, that it became a matter of vast condescension when any noble or titled ape or peacock only subscribed their name to many talents which they annually received for doing nothing at all.

Chap. II.

NOW it came to pass that a reform did at length begin in Tarshish, at least in the sinecures of Tarshish, by which it was hoped that the whole brood of apes, of peacocks, of calves, and of asses, might be extinguished for ever.

2. For men were to be elected who really had souls now, for an hundred generations it had been recorded that apes, peacocks, and asses had no souls.

3. Yet the sinecures were not abolished, neither were the high places of sin, simony, and sophistry sufficiently taken away.

4. For it had been the custom in Tarshish, that the speaker, or the presidents of the Sanhedrim, when they retired from office, were loaded with great salaries or sinecures, nay, even a priest or abbot, who very lately had been president, had been honoured with a talent of gold yearly for himself, and more than half a talent yearly to his sons till the fourth generation, and all this, yea, all this for doing nothing at all.

5. And when these improvident gifts should have ended, the very man who had presided in that Sanhedrim of Tarshish which began the reform, had almost a talent of gold yearly given to him when he chose to retire.

6. Nay, even a great chancellor of equity who had indeed toiled much for reform, but whose mighty talents were the best wealth which the Most High thought meet for him,

even he was to have three talents of gold yearly for his reward, although, in the depressed state of Tarshish, much less would have satisfied his soul.

7. And besides all the peacocks and apes which had so long disgraced the sinecures of Tarshish, there were also a swarm of leeches, and locusts, and vipers, and vampires, who had long enjoyed salaries of weight.

8. Now the breed of these wicked vermin had remarkably increased during the last sixty years, and had waxed uncommonly strong and impudent, and sucked men's blood and brains.

9. But, moreover, they had no souls, and indeed they lived as if they had no souls, but they drained and vexed the good men of Tarshish very sore, and were like unto the taskmasters, and the locusts, which plagued the land of Egypt in the ancient days.

10. Now, in the last sitting of that Sanhedrim in Tarshish, that Sanhedrim which settled Reform, none of the sinecures, the leeches, the locusts, the vipers, the vampires, the peacocks, the asses, and the rats, were at all lessened, and far less abolished.

11. For it might be said of Tarshish, as it was once said of the Jews, by the great Book of Truth, that what the grasshopper had left the locust had eaten, and what the locust had left the spider had eaten, until there was nothing left on the land.

Chap. III.

BUT a cry was heard through all the land of Tarshish, even a very loud cry.

2. And the wise, and the good, and all those who had souls, and those who loved their country, and those who feared their Maker, even all these were joined together, and they spoke with firmness.

3. And they said, Of a truth the land of Tarshish hath for more than two hundred years been harassed, yea, and robbed by tyrannical princes, by lascivious princes, by peacock princes, or by backsliding princes, or by wicked ministers and counsellors who broke the band of the Most High, and wasted the revenues of Tarshish on pavilions, and strumpets, and apes, and peacocks, and rats.

4. Now, we will suffer these things no longer; our children, our altars, and even the sepulchres

of our suffering forefathers, all cry aloud for the severest retrenchments.

5. Let us all be as one man, and let sinecures and simony fall for ever.

6. And so they refused to choose any to sit in their Sanhedrim but the wise, and the good, and the fearless, yea, they spurned with contempt all the breed of those who never had souls.

7. And I beheld as through a glass, and the rats, and the asses, and the vipers were all driven into the sea, and were drowned, and the locusts, and the vultures, and the vampires were forced to take wing, and fly far from Tarshish to a foreign land.

8. And I heard also an awful voice, even like unto thunder, proceeding from the temple of Tarshish, and the voice was like unto the voice of an angry and Almighty spirit.

9. And the terrible voice said, Shall my temple be the den of drones and of robbers? And shall my holiest things be the very traffic of Mammon? My soul shall be avenged.

10. And all the drones, and the pluralists, and the mitred traders in Tarshish were affrighted at the terrible voice, and they shook in their stalls and on their beds of down; yea,

and their consciences smote them, and they could gloss their traffic no longer.

11. And by a new law of the Sanhedrim, their extensive church lands should be sold, and their value given to the states of Tarshish and their—

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Chap. V.

BUT while a public reform began to be put forward in Tarshish, there in truth existed much evil in private.

2. For as vice in high places is like the letting out of water, so a flood of extravagance, and injustice, and bankruptcy, and beldame villany overspread the land, and entered even into the hearts and the hearths of humble families.

3. For the hind, and the shepherd, and the artisan, all said one to another,—And why should not we have our silks, and our wine, and our feasts, even like unto these titled beggars who gorge so much of our revenue for nothing? Yea, and let us have our feasts, though our creditors should starve.

4. For, had we not a peacock king who was

often a bankrupt? Hath not the Sanhedrim paid many debts of many royal bigamists or bastards? And do not many members of our Sanhedrim pay no debts at all, yea, doth not the speaker of our Sanhedrim pocket more than two talents of gold yearly, just for sitting on a warm seat, and speaking three words once in three months? Let us not care for economy more than our Sanhedrim, yea our reformed Sanhedrim, but let us eat and drink, and to-day let our virtue die.

5. So when prodigality prevailed in such high places, what wonder if the hinds did calve with extravagance and bankruptcy.

6. Nay, even the lowest of the priests began to be lazy as the bishops in their stalls; yea, and to pant for palaces and pagodas, and peacock furniture therein.

7. So morbid indeed had the spirit of Mammon become, that it dried up common justice and natural affection even in the godly.

8. For lo! a widow, yea, a widow of 70 years, a mother of children, and a maker of many prayers, would cheat her own soul, yea and nine of her children, so that she might enrich the most useless of the ten.

9. For albeit the Most High would bar none, and though the law of Tarshish did bar none from the just share of a parent's goods, yet it seemed as if sighs and prayers and groans might conceal the very love of the Most High.

10. But the widow prayed a thousand prayers and she groaned a thousand and five hundred groans; and her soul went to its judgment. But the young sinecurist gloated over her gain, even as one of the strumpets of Nineveh would have gloated over the fruits of her guilt and iniquity.

A JURIDICAL FRAGMENT OF TARSHISH.

[It is well known that the last Lord Elliock was equal to the decyphering of any ancient manuscripts; and 'tis also well known that the late Dr. Alexander Murray could have translated from any foreign language, not excluding the Patois of Tarshish. All the posthumous papers of these two famous men could not be recovered at once; and whether the subsequent MS. belonged most properly to Veitch or to Murray, we shall not determine. But it was stumbled upon in the three-headed courts of a certain provincial capital; and as every thing, or anything, connected with Tarshish must merit attention, we hope we shall be pardoned for producing a copy of a juridical fragment.]

Chap. I.

AND it came to pass, that the law, which in Tarshish and in every country ought to be a landmark for all men, and a blessing unto all men, became a curse and a snare.

2. Because many of the king's judges either could not distinguish between right and wrong, or did not set themselves to make the law honourable.

3. And they also began to multiply scribes and salaries; even as king Solomon greatly multiplied the golden gods of Sidon, and sinecure concubines, and singing eunuchs.

4. And these eunuchs of justice were so increased in Tarshish, that lo! it came to pass, three men took hold of the office of one man, and yet could not do it.

5. Thus there are three that bear record in Heaven, and these three are one; so there were three appointed to do justice in a court upon earth, and these three were none.

6. For it was on this wise, that the second of these (or this) trinity, would decide matters in a way contrary to the laws of the Sanhedrim; and yet that it needed, that the

third person should breathe upon the mass, so as that men might understand that which was without form and void.

7. But the third person would delay to breathe upon it for seven years, and thus darkness lay on the face of the deep.

8. And he would say, On the morrow, on the morrow, on the morrow, but when the morrow came, it was just as to-day, or more abundant in delay or in darkness.

9. And the scribes of the court would say, Nay, but we can do nothing, but to-morrow he will do it.

10. Yet would these scribes sit in the chief seats of the synagogue, or they would go to the openings of the streets and cry unto men passing by, Come ye in hither, for verily we shall do thy matters speedily before the judge, and we shall gain thee riches and honour.

11. And they would always cry, Give, give; but when the matter should have been ended, and riches and honour come, then those whom they had enticed had their bellies filled with the east wind.

Chap. II.

AND it came to pass, that in that same province there had for some time been established an inferior court, wherein the bastard sons of Jethro resided, and judged men's matters.

2. And in that other court also, was wont to sit the young serpent, the devil; and Gog and Magog were likewise judges there.

3. Now, Gog and Magog had deceived many people, although men who are sworn to distribute justice unto others should never be chargeable with injustice themselves.

4. But the young serpent, the devil, would smile and look sweet upon men whom he loved, but upon others, who yet were just men, he would shoot forth his forked tongue, and spue out his poison, and hiss at them, as being forgers and unjust.

5. And he would sometimes so coil himself, and become so furious, that instead of going through one of the king's gates, wherein he should have paid tribute, he would fling himself over a wall, and then creep away in haste, as if he was ashamed.

6. And yet, he was often like an angel of light, and would utter kind words, and would entice men to eat forbidden fruit, and would say unto them, Nay, but I love ye, and will do ye good, yea, and much good, if ye will only hearken unto me.

7. But while they were rolling the sweet morsel under their tongues, he would sting them to the heart, and then laugh them to scorn, or hiss at their simplicity.

8. And in another province of Tarshish, bordering upon the one wherein the young serpent resided, there had also, for many years, been a court of the same kind, where likewise sat other bastard sons of Jethro, though the God of Jethro and of Moses never owned them.

9. And one of these men seemed as if he was a block hewn out from Mount Paran, only the glory of God never shone forth upon him.

10. Yea, and some of them would at times be like unto calves, which some Jeroboam had set up; but verily they were not golden calves.

11. And a grandson of Aaron's also sat among them, but he was, or should have been,

an upright man, except that he sometimes took pity on the calves.

12. Now, one of these calves was a calf of eighty years, and for forty years he had set himself to deceive his neighbours; and he had deceived even some wise and mighty men of Tarshish.

13. Yet was he suffered to remain a judge, as if those who had the most ensnared unsuspecting men were to be the fittest persons to deal uprightness unto thousands.

14. And, moreover, these men would too much encourage the vendors of strong drink, and the vendors of fornication, by which strange doings many of the men of Tarshish got their goods, and even their souls, brought into great jeopardy.

Chap. III.

BUT there was also a higher court in Tarshish, where the judge could not distinguish betwixt a shekel of brass and a shekel of the sanctuary; and where some of the scribes could not tell a talent of gold from a drachm, or an assary.

2. And, moreover, they were so brutish, that

they put evil for good, and good for evil; and they put the ermine of an ass, as of more value than the wisdom of Solomon.

3. But there was a certain province in one of the Isles of Tarshish, called Blarnæ, and lo! the judge, who could not know a talent from an assary, had long been of kin to the province of Blarnæ; yea, and knew it well.

4. Now, although there had long been a tradition of men, that no venomous beast could live in Blarnæ, yet it came to pass, that the head and soul of the judge were so poisonous that he seemed to suppose the Most High had now forgotten the difference betwixt good and evil.

5. For it so happened, that a certain man named Nathaniel had a wicked and a faithless servant, to whom he had given the charge of his flocks.

6. But Nathaniel was a man void of guile, and for a time knew not that his herdsman was a man of villany, and in covenant with villains.

7. Neither did Nathaniel know that his servant was of kin to the wicked Judas Iscariot, and also descended from a bastard

of bastards, of the race of Nimrod the great hunter and robber.

8. But this Iscariot herdsman took unto himself other bastard descendants of the same robber Nimrod, and he polluted and destroyed his master's flocks; and he took an oath to conceal it from his master.

9. And others, his fellow-servants, who knew of his villany, he bound in covenant with him, so that the villany might be hid.

10. And they said, one to another, Nay, but let us combine to cheat our master, for although this our master hath often relieved our straits, and been very kind to us, and supports our family, nevertheless let us eat his bread, and deceive him, and read our bibles; yea, and sit down at the table of our Redeemer, though we do all this.

11. But their master, when too late, came to the knowledge of the villany, and he dismissed the grandson of Iscariot from his service.

12. And Iscariot took counsel of a man of Belial, a man of much strong liquor; yea, a busy sower of sin and of discord.

13. So Iscariot hardened himself, and took

the men of Belial's advice, and cited his robbed master before the judge of Blarnæ.

14. And that judge hearkened to every falsehood which was brought forward in behalf of Iscariot; while, even with bitterness, he repelled every manly defence that was urged for his maltreated master.

15. But he supped his sacrament, and he pocketed his salary, and he doubly rewarded Iscariot for being a most proven villain, and a most impudent wretch.

16. For he set equity at defiance, and he gave common sense to the wind, so that he might give Iscariot a double premium for deceiving and damaging his master.

Chap. IV.

AND the judge seemed greatly to enjoy his triumph; and the agent and men of Belial, who encouraged Iscariot greatly, plumed themselves on the triumph; and the reprobate Iscariot himself strutted about, assuming great dignity, because a judge of Tarshish had set him on high for libelling his Maker, and for deceiving his master, who had saved him from beggary.

2. But God is just, and that justice was soon to be proved.

3. For Iscariot sickened and died, and the angel of wrath carried his soul from the scene of his triumph.

4. For in hell he lifted up his eyes, and behold! the never-dying worm was gnawing at his breast with fury.

5. And the dreadful lake of fire heaved in horror before him, and he seemed to be pushed forward to its awful waves.

6. And he cried, Why is it thus? Did I not constantly take the sacrament even like unto any judge in Tarshish? Did I not sing psalms loudly? And did I not go very frequently to the tents of the Pharisees? Yea, and listened gladly to their long sermons about faith, and about hatred to all good work; then why am I thus?

7. But an awful and terrible voice spoke in stillness to his soul, Thou wretch! hast thou not deceived and betrayed thy master, that master who saved thee from ruin? Yet thou canst deceive the Most High! Now, know that thy Maker is just.

8. And Iscariot was ordained for twice seven

times to intimate his hell to his late injured master, and then to return to his brimstone lake, and to his never-dying worm.

Chap. V.

BUT when a public judge publicly rewardeth a villain, that reward worketh much mischief, insomuch that it ever looseneth the foundation of morality and right.

2. And so it was with many servants that belonged to Nathaniel, for they loved the wages of iniquity more than their master or their Maker.

3. For they trusted that some Jethro judge, some Levite judge, or some Blarnæ judge would screen them in their guilt, and reward them for their villany.

4. So they said one to another, Let us eat our master's bread and betray him, and take the sacrament, and go to the Pharisees, and some judge of Tarshish will protect us.

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7. All, however, were not so, for there are some who would be faithful to their master although all the Levite judges, and all the

partial judges in Tarshish were rolling in the bottomless pit along with the faithless Iscariot!

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9. And even several of the lowest officers belonging to such courts in Tarshish, that is, even the rats-bane of the law, became so impudent and blarnæ-like, that the caul of an ass, or the caul of an adder seemed to be deeply enrolled around their deeds and their heart.

10. Nay, even the very lieutenants of the provinces of Tarshish seemed to be much more in love with the deer of the desert than with the moral morsels or peace of a rational population!

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12. But from rank stupidity, or from rank superabundance of salaries, some of the provincial judges of Tarshish began to take six months to consider, whether it is most proper that a tower should sit upon the back of a camel, or many excellent flowers be stolen from a bog, for the purpose of being munch'd by a hedge-hog on a moss or a muir!

APPENDIX.

Viscount's Mountain Chair.

Claverhouse likely wrote more than once to the Viscount of Kenmure; and the letter alluded to in the text, advising Kenmure to provide for his personal safety, may be perfectly genuine, and likely somewhere among the papers of the family.

There is not the smallest doubt, however, but that in October, 1682, Grahame of Claverhouse did write to Viscount Kenmure; and the original letter may yet be seen in the hands of Mr. David Niven, writer, in Kirkcudbright. A copy of it, however, rests with Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor, Castle Douglas. The purport of this letter is, that Viscount Kenmure (by order of the Council of Scotland) was to prepare his Castle for instantly receiving a royal garrison, in order that risings might be kept down. Grahame, in a friendly manner, advised the Viscount to remove whatever was curious or valuable from the castle.

Apes and Peacocks—No. I.

Now, in case that some should gape, and wonder, and cry, "Surely this sketch about so many beasts becoming famous in Tarshish is overdone," we beg the readers of Roman history to recollect that Caligula actually had a frater-existence with his horse—invited him to entertainments, gave him gilt oats and Falernian wine, and appointed seven men to watch over his quadruped brother in his slumber; nay, had created him a senator, and all but invested him with a George and Garter. He had made him, some time before, a Knight of the Bath, and was just going to instal him his Lord Chamberlain, when matters made it necessary that Caligula himself was compelled to apply a dagger to his own bosom.

But let the reader peruse the following passage from Lampridius, and gape no more at the apes of Tarshish:—"Heliogabalus was sometimes drawn by four mastiffs, sometimes by four camels, and once by four naked women! At one time he caused to be collected 1000 rats; at another time 1000 weasels; at another time 10,000 mice; and at another time 5000

otters; all of which he exhibited to the Roman people, and then let loose to propagate among them. He also at one time collected such a quantity of spiders that their weight amounted to 10,000 pounds! He would also give most curious presents to those he called his friends: 10 bears to one; 10 crickets to another; to some 10 camels; to others 10 flies; 10 ostriches; and 10 asses' cubs; to some, dead dogs; and to some, vessels full of worms, of frogs, of toads, of serpents, or of scorpions."

Now, who can tell but in the last days of the Roman empire, some of the kin and the friends of Heliogabalus might have found their way to the isles of Tarshish, and would they not likely carry along with them the habits and the hampers of the great imperial ourang-outang? What wonder then, that if conjoined to the native apes and peacocks of that country, a large breed of the Heliogablian reptiles should arise and thicken around the land? Why should not camels, and crickets, and asses, and spaniels, and butterflies, and rats, and scorpions, have greatly multiplied in Tarshish? And why should not many of these have got into places of trust and emolument, seeing that

leeks, onions, and calves were created gods in Egypt? Now, if reptiles can act as gods, surely they are able to ape the nothingness, and to pocket the sinecures of some princes, senators, judges, and bishops.

We wonder little at naked women having been transported from the court of Heliogabalus into the isles of Tarshish, nor of these cattle drawing the chariot of peacock kings there, because we know that during the last half century hundreds and thousands of such Heliogablian coursers have pranced and danced away in Albion. Whatever lynx-eyed rational beings have got a peep into the ball-rooms, banqueting rooms, bagnios, and Egyptian saloons of Christian Britain, can well attest that the naked coursers of the heathen Heliogabalus were there. From the very frequent intercourse, which, by steam navigation, must now take place between Albion and the Indian Ocean, 'tis much to be feared, lest the heterogeneous trash of Tarshish should be conveyed to England and propagate there. Should the apes, asses, spaniels, peacocks, and locusts of Tarshish mix with the highly moral and evangelical bishops, judges, and senators of Albion,

God of the Gospel! what a terrible hotch-potch would ensue! Yet even in the very first chapter of a reforming parliament, do we not see useless sinecures supported even to peacocks?

One would really suppose, from perusing the sober sketches of some journalists, that the Tarshish system had actually taken place even in lower life. When we frequently read of fishing dogs, fishing cats, and fishing swine, and of patriarchal ganders of an hundred years old, may we not be tempted to suspect that these beings without souls may run faster in the career of improvement than maybe neglected but baptised beings in Albion?

Apes and Peacocks—No. II.

Since our perusal of the February number of the Metropolitan Magazine, we are more than ever confirmed in our opinion that the marvellous system of Tarshish is now fast gaining ground in our native land. From pp. 148-153 of that periodical there is a most remarkable account of a speaking dog, who for some hours

conversed most impressively with the celebrated Dr. Bowring. The dog exalted himself on his hind legs, extended his fore paws, and moved his nether jaw, with all the emphasis of an orator. Dr. Bowring was electrified by the canine exhibition, and very solemnly conversed with the dog in the same language and tones as the animal used. The doctor translated into English, for the satisfaction of a bystander, the impressive effusions of the dog; and, moreover, declared that the dialect of this quadruped was the very *patois* used by the dog-ribbed Indians of America. Bowring also asserted that the tones of the dog bore a strong resemblance to the howling Dervishes of the East. Who, then, shall doubt or wonder any longer about the Tarshish Fragments? We refer our readers to the whole article in the Metropolitan. This very dog complained very sorely to Dr. Bowring that on his back he was compelled to carry monkeys, dressed up like men. What wonder, then, if the spaniels of Tarshish should be often bestrode by peacocks and apes? And when such men as the poets of Hope, and of Lalla Rookh, lend their countenance to such canine marvels, shall the public

then doubt of the facts? When Thomas Campbell edits, or Thomas Moore aids, and Dr. Bowring interprets the new language of dogs, and when Edward Irving kicks up a row whether his disciples or the rooks and magpies shall best develop the workings of the Holy Spirit, is there any wonder that the maudlin journalists of a province should also be smit by the mania of Tarshish, and record the journeys and genealogies of centenary ganders? And is there any doubt? But let every man read and think for himself.

THE END

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